

The
Saint
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College
Review

Christmas
1914

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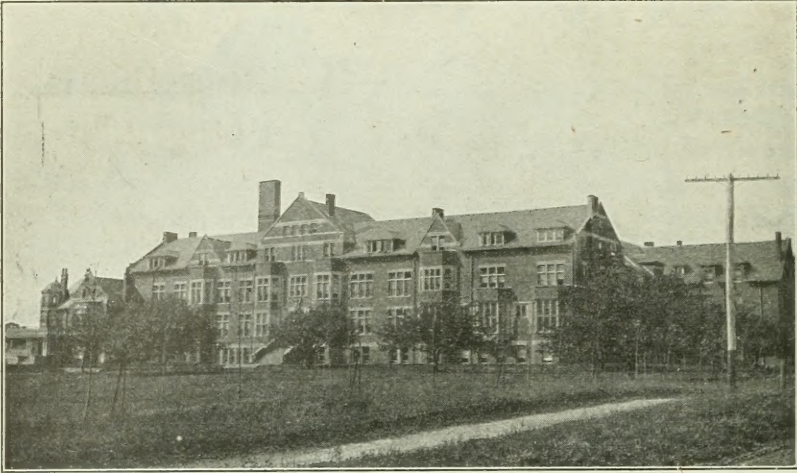
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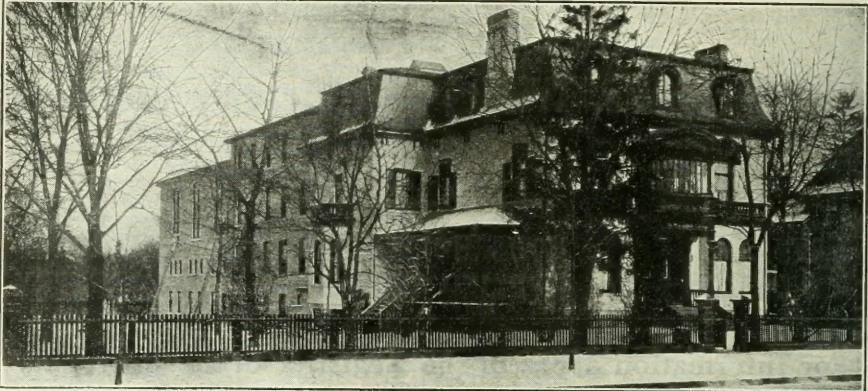
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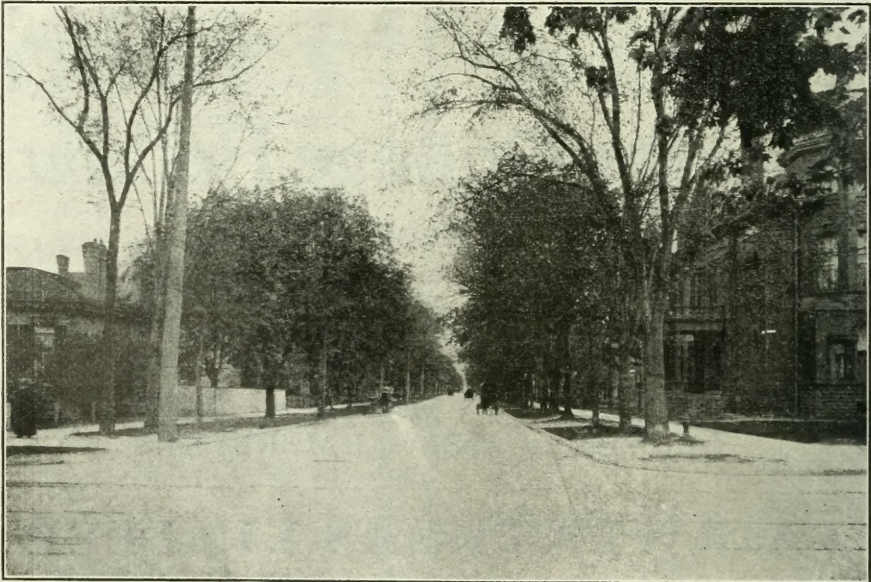
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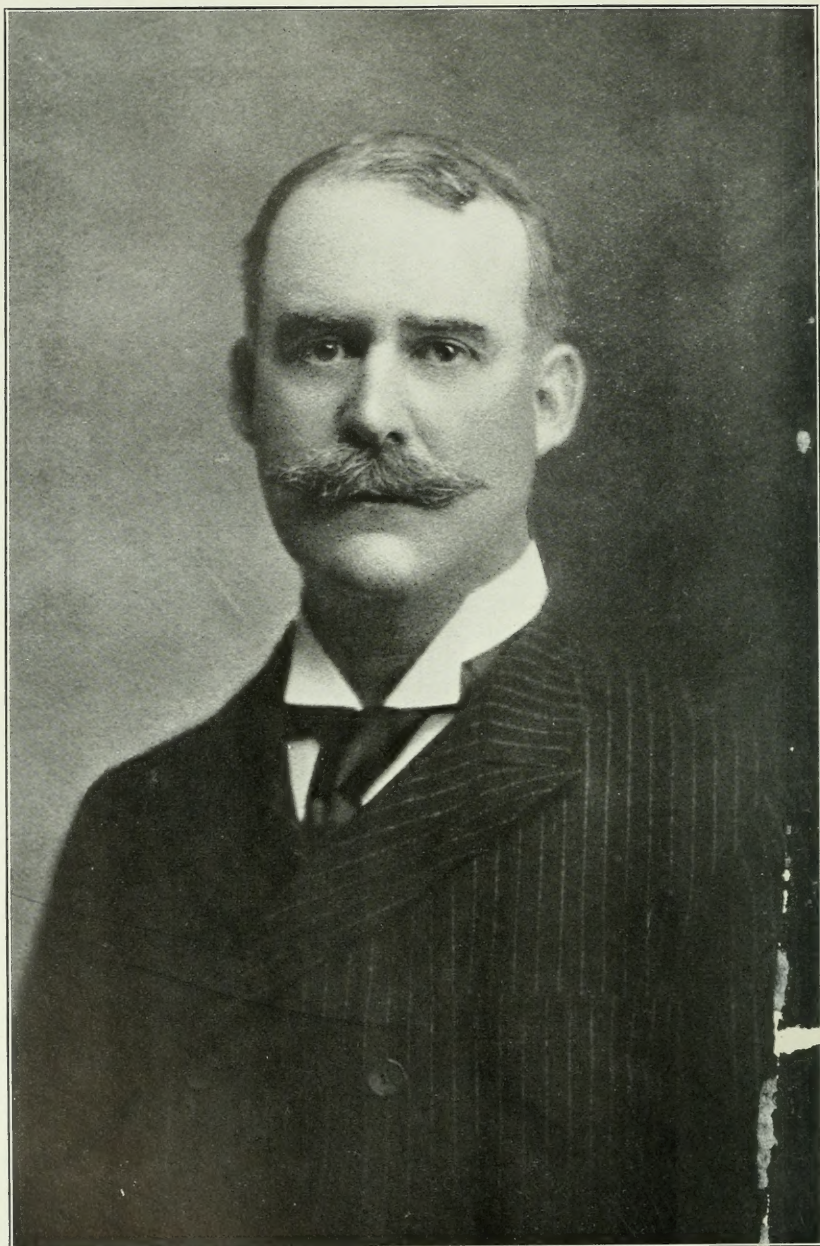
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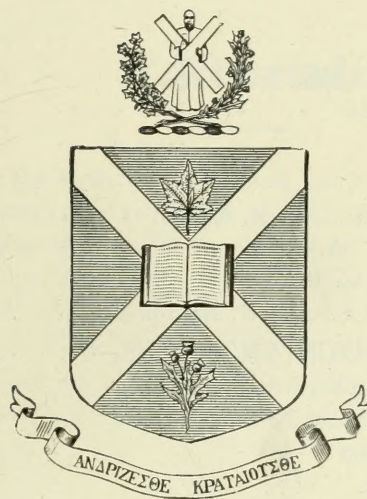


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LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR HENDRIE

The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS, 1914

Editor-in-Chief: E. CECIL BLOOMFIELD

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Pictures)

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C. P. LECKIE (Exchanges)

J. W. TAYLOR (Skits)

Business { R. H. GRANT
Managers { H. WILLOUGHBY

Issued by the Editorial Committee

EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

CHRISTMAS 1914

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St. Andrew's College Review

CHRISTMAS, 1914

Editorial

AS this is the first number which has appeared since we were duly installed in the editorial chair, we greet all our readers and assure them that our best services are always ready to command. We may truly say, in the language of the immortal Bard of Avon, "*Our true intent is all for your delight.*"

The task which we have undertaken is no slight one; nor does the high standard of excellence maintained by our predecessors make the burden of responsibility rest more lightly upon our editorial shoulders; and, in passing, we would remind all our readers that the success of an enterprise of this kind depends very largely upon the support received from them. In the stereotyped words of appeals for charity we would say that *voluntary contributions are gratefully received.*

THE opening of the school year found the whole Empire at war. The last month of the summer vacations was rendered memorable for all time by the outbreak of the greatest war that has ever vexed the human race. Few of us probably realize in what remarkable times our lot is cast. Few of us, indeed, in the peaceful security of our remote Dominion, can realize the awful horrors of the campaigns in Europe. The British peoples as a whole are not supposed to be endowed with a very realistic imagination, and it is easy to read, in cold print, the lurid details of the war without in the least picturing to ourselves the awful scenes described, or appreciating, even in a small degree, the desolation and misery that hang like a black pall upon the stricken homes of Europe.

But, in spite of our limitations, our hearts do go out in sympathy to those who mourn the loss of all that makes life

sweet, and it is a matter of great satisfaction to this school to know that nearly sixty of our Old Boys have come forward and offered their services to their country in her hour of need. Some of these may, quite possibly, never return from the glorious enterprise upon which they have embarked, but their memory will be honoured by their *alma mater*—St. Andrew's College—and over the records of their lives will be written large, in letters of gold, the motto—LOYAL DEVOIR.

PUBLIC events have, by their very magnitude and importance, quite thrown into the shade the very much smaller doings of our everyday lives; and yet, the past term has not been barren of events. These are dealt with in detail in their proper places, but we cannot refrain from calling attention here to that very notable achievement, the winning, or, to speak more correctly, the retention of the Rugby Championship; and, if we may be permitted to say so, we would express the hope that in the near future there may be instituted some tangible trophy of this annual contest, in the form, say, of a massive silver shield, with which the holders may bedeck the walls of the Great School Hall, and upon which the younger generation may look with pride and aspiration.

Nor can we pass over the signal honour conferred upon us by the first official visit of the newly-appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and his Lady. The holiday which was asked for, granted, and enjoyed, is now, like the Prize Day itself, a matter of past history; but as history is said to repeat itself, and as coming events are said to cast their shadows before, it is not too much to suppose that some of us may even now be thinking of the next occasion when some one will come along and command the Head Master to set us all free again, and when the Head Master will be absolutely powerless to refuse.

AND now we must take leave of our readers. In doing so, remembering that the festive season of Christmas is upon us, we wish them each and every one the compliments of the season, and, for the year to come, a full and overflowing measure of health and prosperity.

News Articles

PRIZE DAY

The annual Prize Day was held on Wednesday, November 25th, at 3.30 o'clock, in the College Assembly Hall.

The weather was all that could be expected, and was conducive to a large attendance.

The people commenced to arrive about two o'clock, and at three the Hall was almost filled.

At ten past three His Honor, Lieut.-Col. Hendrie, and Mrs. Hendrie arrived. Shortly after, they entered the Hall, which was magnificently decorated with Union Jacks and large palms. As His Honor and the directors entered, the orchestra played "God Save the King." Dr. Macdonald's address followed the reading of Scripture by Dr. Neil, after which the prize-giving commenced.

All those who presented prizes gave a short speech after the presentation, all these more or less suitable to the present existing conditions.

Four of the small boys from the Junior House presented bouquets to Mrs. Hendrie and some of the ladies intimately connected with the College.

The prizes having been presented, the proceedings were brought to a close by singing the National Anthem. The guests then adjourned to the Dining Hall, where refreshments were served.

Last, but not least, was the holiday given to us by His Honor Lt.-Col. Hendrie. —D. C.

PRIZE LIST---YEAR'S WORK, 1913-1914

Honour List—66 per cent. and over, Midsummer Exam.

Preparatory Form—

General Proficiency:—1st, Carlisle, Macdonald IV (J. E.); 3rd, Hoare I (J. E.). *Honours*:—1st, Macdonald IV (J. K.); 2nd, Carlisle; 3rd, Hoare I (J. E.), 4th, Green I (H. W.); 5th, Hoare II (R. E.).

Form I—

General Proficiency:—1st, Duncan II (D. M.); 2nd, Macdonald III (V. C.); 3rd, Denovan. *Honours*:—1st, Duncan II

(D. M.); 2nd, Denovan; 3rd, Macdonald III (W. C.); 4th, Home II (L. C.).

Form II—

General Proficiency:—1st, Robertson; 2nd, Black; 3rd, Morton; 4th, Somers I (C. W. W.). *Honours*:—1st, Robertson; 2nd, Morton; 3rd, Munn II (R. D.); 4th, Somers I (C. W. W.); 5th, McDougall III (J. R.).

Form III B.—

General Proficiency:—1st, MacLeod; 2nd, Kerr; 3rd, McLaurin. *Honours*:—1st, MacLeod; 2nd, Kerr; 3rd, McLaurin; 4th, McLaughlin; 5th, Munro.

Form III A.—

General Proficiency:—1st, Macdonald II (D. C.); 2nd, Burns. *Honours*:—1st, Macdonald II (D. C.); 2nd, Burns; 3rd, Turnbull.

Form IV A.—

General Proficiency:—1st, Wright III (J. H.); 2nd, Bennett II (R. E.); 3rd, Brouse, Johnston II (F.). *Honours*:—1st, Wright III (J. H.); 2nd, Brouse; 3rd, Bennett II (R. E.); 4th, Cameron.

Form V—

General Proficiency:—1st, Leckie II (C. P.); 2nd, Bennett I (K. V. S.); 3rd, Eakins, Macdonald I (R. M.). *Honours*:—1st, Leckie II (C. P.); 2nd, Bennett I (V. S.); 3rd, Balfour II (R. M.); 4th, Macdonald I (R. M.); 5th, Douglas; 6th, Eakins; 7th, Skinner I (W. K.); 8th, Ings; 9th, Whitaker II (G. E.); 10th, Hunter.

Form Lower VI. (Toronto Group)—

General Proficiency:—1st, Grant II (W. G. F.); 2nd, Schattner. *Honours*:—1st, Grant II (W. G. F.); 2nd, Schattner; 3rd, Crowe; 4th, Wilson; 5th, Lowndes; 6th, Caven; 7th, Galbraith.

(McGill Group)—

General Proficiency:—1st, Johnston I (K. B.); 2nd, Young I (H. N.). *Honours*:—1st, Johnston I (K. B.); 2nd, Young I (H. M.); 3rd, Whitaker I (E.); 4th, Leckie I (H. S.).

(*R. M. C. Group*)—

General Proficiency:—1st, McTaggart. *Honours*:—1st, McTaggart.

Upper VI—

General Proficiency:—1st, Wildman I (V.); 2nd, Engel. *Honours*:—1st, Wildman I (V.); 2nd, Engel; 3rd, Brown I (R. A.); 4th, Coatsworth..

Chairman's Gold Medal:—Grant II (W. G. F.).

Lieut. Governor's (Sir John Gibson) *Medals*:—(Silver), Engel; (Bronze), Johnston I (K. B.).

Governor General's Medal:—Wildman I (Vincent).

Literary Society Medals:—Senior Reading, Leckie I (H. S.); Junior Reading, Grant III (D. I.); Junior Recitation, Darroch.

Mr. A. E. Thorley's Medal for Shooting:—Leckie II (C. P.).

Lieut.-Colonel Gibson's Prize Shooting:—Soot.

Mr. O. R. McGaw's Cricket Bat:—Davis 1 (R. D.).

"Wyld Prize in Latin":—Grant II (W. G. F.).

St. Catharines Chapter of the I. O. D. E. Prizes (Mr. R. W. Leonard):—1st, Johnston I (K. B.), \$30.00; 2nd, Mickleborough, \$20.00.

The St. George Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire—Cup—(Proficiency in Shooting), Rankin.

The 48th Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire—Rifle—(Proficiency in Shooting), Hyde.

Special Prize—Travis—Head Prefect.

LIST OF AWARDS TO BOYS OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

Award of Merit (2nd highest award of the R. L. S. S.)—Davis I, Rankin, Travis, Leishman I, Ings.

Bronze Medals—Cossitt, Fleming, Engel, Travis, McMurtry, McRae, Meyer, Rolph, Findley, Neil, Stuckey, Beer.

Proficiency Certificates—Cossitt, Fleming, Engel, Travis, McMurtry, McRae, Meyer, Rolph, Findley, Neil, Stuckey, Beer, Darroch, Lazier. (Total, 31).

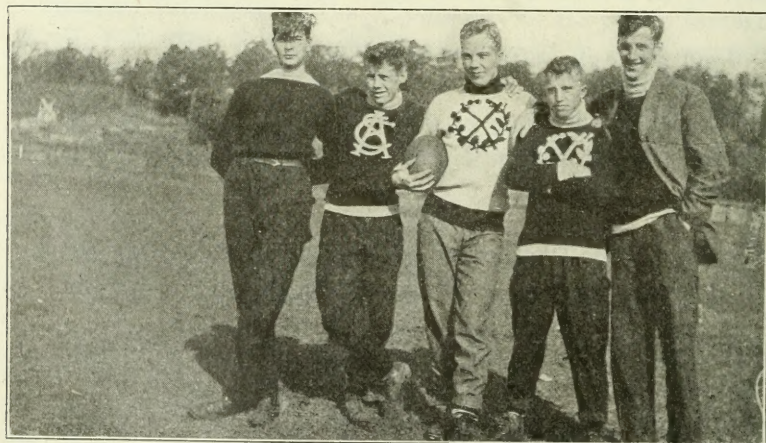
List Granted at Camp Kagawong.

1. Honorary Instructors' Certificates.

Award of Merit—White, Odell I, Beer.

Bronze Medals—White, Odell I, Armstrong I, Darroch, Lowndes, Jarvis, Ross, Douglas I.

Proficiency Certificates—Henry, Blandford, Nerlich I, Graydon, Tuckett, Heaton, Ross, Scott, Lowndes, Dach, Jarvis, Douglas, Grey, Hearne. (Total. 26).



The Beauty Show

HONOR ROLL---FIRST CONTINGENT

St. Andrew's College Old Boys Serving the Empire.

The following is a partial list of Masters and Boys known to be with the First Contingent:—

Staff.—

Jennings, L. A., 90th Winnipeg Rifles.

Ker, Alan W. W., 9th Field Battery.



"A Bad Lookout for the Germans"

Knighton, G. G., 9th Oxford and Berkshire Light Infantry,
Portsmouth.

Macdonnell, J. M., 9th Field Battery.

Sinclair, Alex., Lieutenant, 48th Highlanders.

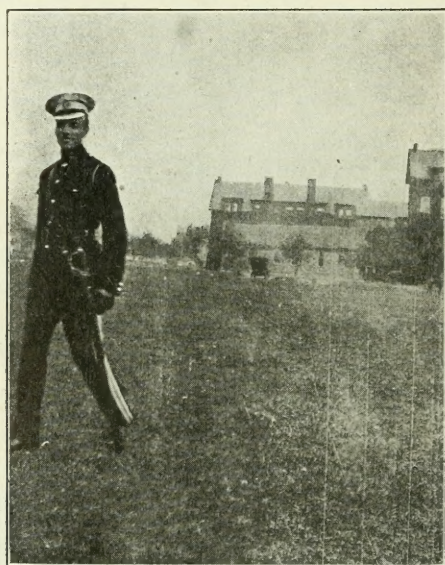
Old Boys.—

Alexander, Fred.

Allan, Gordon, Lieutenant, 10th Royal Grenadiers.

Andrews, Fred.

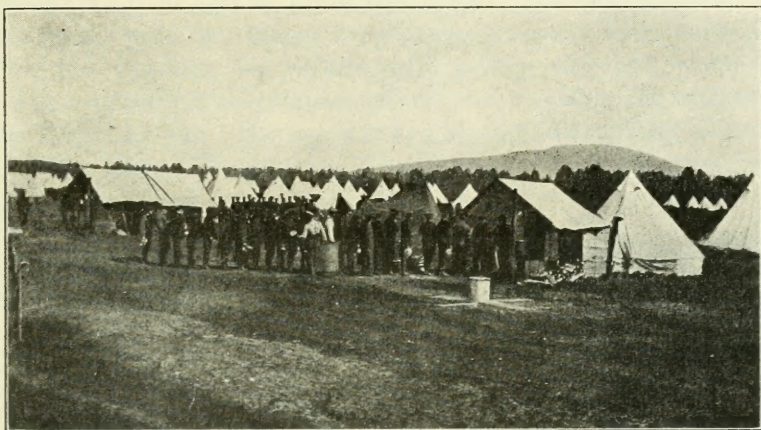
Bell, A. L., Lieutenant, 10th Royal Grenadiers.
Bennett, Frank, 1st Newfoundland Regiment.
Blackstock, Gibbs, English Army.
Burton, R. B. S., 90th Winnipeg Rifles.
Buscombe, R., 3rd Battalion.
Cantley, C. L., Lieutenant, 5th Royal Highlanders.
Cotton, J. D., Q. O. R. Maxim Gun.
Crane, G. A., Assistant Paymaster, 48th Highlanders.
Diver, V. S., Transportation Column.



" Au Revoir "

Fleming, Donald, No. 4 Co., Winnipeg Army Service Corps.
Gooderham, M. S., Lieutenant, 10th Royal Grenadiers, Assit.
Adjutant 1st Battalion.
Hastings, J. O., 5th Royal Highlanders.
Hastings, Victor, Lieutenant, Winnipeg Regiment.
Hertzberg, C. S., Engineers.
Hertzberg, C. P., Engineers.
Hunt, Gordon, Captain, Fusiliers.
Kay, Jack, Lieutenant, 48th Highlanders.
Macdonald, Fred., Lieutenant, 48th Highlanders.

McAvity, P. D., St. John Horse.
McIvor, W., Motor Brigade.
McLennan, A. R., 36th Peel Regiment.
Nation, George, Esquimalt (in camp).
Nicol, H. L., Strathcona Horse.
Norris, C. E., Transport Department.
Ross, Malcolm, Army Service Corps.
Sinclair, Donald, 78th Regiment. At Canso, on Guard duty.
Skidmore, J. P., Co. H, 77 Regt., 1st Batt., 1st Infantry Bri.
Thomson, R. A., Paymaster Divisional Cavalry, 19th Alberta
Dragoons.



Feeding the British Bull-dog
(Scene at Valcartier).

Wilkes, F. H., Royal Canadian Dragoons.
Wallace, Clarence, 5th Battalion 2nd Brigade, E. Co.

The following Masters and Old Boys of the School are in training for service with the Second Contingent:—

Major A. E. Taylor, Ontario Mounted Rifles, Exhibition Park.
Allan, Jno. R., Ottawa Artillery.
Cassels, Gordon, Royal Canadian Artillery, Kingston.
Douglas, Gordon, Exhibition Park.
Ferguson, J. A., Queen's Engineers.
Hastings, Walter, Fort Garry Horse.

Kilner, C. E., Lieutenant, Queen's Own Rifles.

Lockhart, J. W., Queen's Own Rifles.

MacKeen, D. W., Artillery.

McKenzie, Kenneth G., Lieutenant, in Ambulance Corps.

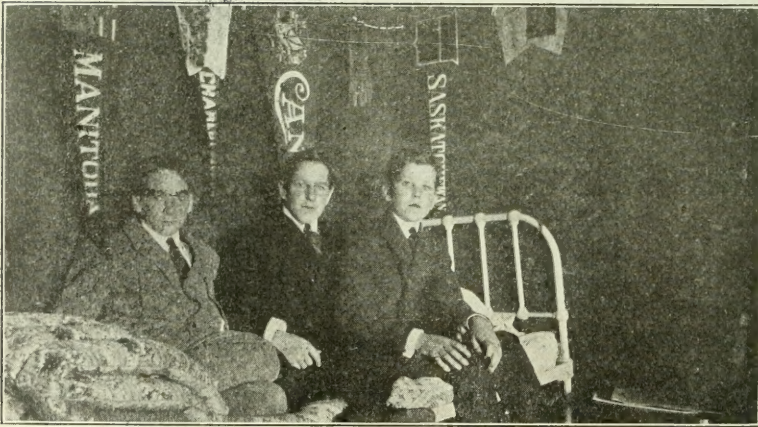
Montgomery, Arthur, 23rd Battalion, Westmount Rifles.

Morton, R. O. G., Royal Canadian Artillery.

Stone, Reginald, Lieutenant, Royal Canadian Artillery.

Williams, W. D., Trooper, Ontario Mounted Rifles.

Munn, R. S. E., Newfoundland Contingent.



"Trying to Look Good"

Fiction

A WAR INCIDENT

THE country surrounding Dorper, a small village, was studded with little hills and, except for a few trees, standing alone like sentinels upon the sloping hillsides, it was practically barren. In the distance, on the extreme right, might be seen a bright line, which, if field-glasses were used, could be distinguished as the reflection of the sun on a railroad track. The only signs of life noticeable were two figures on horseback upon a little eminence. One was scanning the horizon with a long telescope, while the other, evidently a subordinate officer, was watching the actions of his fellow soldier. Having satisfied himself through his observations, he wheeled his horse round and, followed by the other, rode back to his troops.

During the recent engagements, about three thousand men had been cut off from the main divisions, and were now in hiding until word could be sent to the commander-in-chief of the main army concerning their whereabouts. As fortune had favored them they had rescued a locomotive in their flight. The food was all gone. In fact, all they had was what was seized when they retreated.

In the morning the bugle sounded an assembly, and the officers who came to the commanding officer's tent received their orders. Also, two privates were summoned to headquarters—one, a short, dark fellow, and the other a tall, light-haired Englishman. As these two had taken the engine to safety when they were attacked before, the commander felt safe in trusting the work to them. When both had volunteered, he explained that they would have to pass through the German lines; but if word was not given to the commander-in-chief soon, the men would die of starvation, as it was of no use for them to attempt to pierce the German lines.

No time was lost in starting. They took two rifles and a supply of ammunition, and, boarding the engine, bade their comrades farewell. They had a dangerous journey ahead, as they did not know whether the enemy had torn up the track or had a camp near it. However, they were not the men to quit. The

little Frenchman could hardly speak English, while the big Englishman did not know any of his comrade's language. They made each other understand by signs and with what little English the Frenchman knew. The Englishman took charge of the engine, and opened the throttle full, and the heavy locomotive swayed from side to side in her haste.

It was only about two hours' run to the outposts of the enemy's lines, but the engine went so fast that the sentinel didn't have time to get his gun to his shoulder to fire at it. In a few minutes the locomotive was right in among the German troops. The big Englishman looked out of the engine for a second to see if all was clear ahead, but amid the hail of bullets the engine received, one found its mark in the big fellow's head. He fell back from pain and shock in front of the little Frenchman. The latter tore his shirt into strips and bandaged the wound as best he could. Then laying the injured man to one side, he crouched low in the cabin.

Bullets hit the iron monster all over, but she kept on. Rapid-firing guns were turned against her, and these were the most dangerous. Because of the speed of the machine the heavier guns could not get a good aim. Monster shells exploded with terrific force close by the wild locomotive. Finally, the hail of shots diminished. When the little Frenchman looked out of the engine he saw an armoured motor car coming. He laughed at the thought of an automobile chasing a locomotive going at such a maddening speed. But he had hardly finished his laugh when he heard a hissing noise above the din of bullets crashing against the iron sides of the engine. He looked out to see what it was, and found it to be water rushing from a bullet-hole in the boiler. He tried to plug it up, but could not. He well knew that soon the water would be gone, and then they would be in the hands of the Germans. But he did not tell his wounded friend. Instead, he stood, rifle in hand, waiting for the approach of the armoured car. The engine steadily lost its pace, while the car gained. The Frenchman shovelled more coal into the engine in his vain attempt to outrun his opponents. He was afraid another bullet would pierce the boiler and let the precious fluid out faster, or perhaps it might hit the driving rod, crack it, and—well, what if it did? What difference did it make to him? He was an orphan, no one dear to him; but the Englishman—he thought—he has a wife and

two little children waiting for him. No, they were going to escape. He shot unceasingly at the car, but his engine steadily slackened its pace. Now the car was almost upon them. He looked ahead, and saw a stream, but the bridge was still there. The driver of the car also saw it and stopped his machine. The Frenchman thought that they were safe at last; but the Germans took off the tires, put the machine on the railroad track, and continued the pursuit. The Frenchman knew that they could not hit him as long as the tender was between them; but he also knew that the locomotive was steadily losing its speed. When they stopped it would only be a fight of one man to a whole carful. He did not waste his ammunition on the auto now. He thought—thought how he could take his poor, wounded comrade to safety. The locomotive was now going at only half-speed. Then he thought of a plan. At least he could try it. Shutting off some of the throttle, the engine slowed down. The occupants of the pursuing car ceased firing, and came nearer the engine; but when this was done the Frenchman immediately increased the speed of the locomotive, while the car following, leapt ahead under a greater supply of gasoline. Both were going at a considerable speed now. When the Frenchman had allowed the motor car to approach quite near, he shut off the throttle and, jamming on the brakes, brought the heavy engine to a standstill. The automobile, however, not being able to stop as quickly on account of the bare rims on the steel rails, crashed into the rear of the tender. Leaving the motor car disabled, the locomotive went slowly on to the lines of the main army, to report to the commander the whereabouts of the missing men.

* * * * *

It may also be said that the wound of the unfortunate Britisher was promptly attended to, and, furthermore, that he is again back with his comrades, nobly serving his country.

T. R. RANKIN.

A WILD RIDE

THIS summer I was invited to spend a couple of weeks on the Swift Canadian Company's ranch. The spring round-up was over and all the cowboys had gone back to the plant except two, who were left, one at each end of the ranch, to build smudges and look after the cattle. One of these fellows, Fred, was a special friend of mine, and as there was lots of shooting and fun to be had on the ranch, I promptly accepted.

Things went smoothly for the first three days, and I was certainly enjoying myself. We had plenty of wildfowl, and there was no doubt about it, Fred could cook. On the evening of the third day, at supper, we drank the last of our tea. Tea is a very necessary article in a camp; and as we had planned to go goose-shooting the following morning, I volunteered to get the tea that night. My horse was out in the pasture, so Fred offered me the choice of two that were in the barn. One was a black which I knew I could not possibly ride if he took it into his head to buck. So I took Ted, the grey. He was quiet enough to handle, and, though he never bucked, once in a while he took it into his head to run away; and not only to run away but to bolt blind. He had not bolted for a long time, so I felt quite safe in taking him. I rode the six miles into town quite uneventfully, got the tea, and set out on the return journey. When half a mile from town, I noticed that a storm was coming up; so set him at a canter. He galloped quietly for about a quarter-of-a-mile and then, I do not know whether it was the coming storm, or what made him do it, but suddenly he threw up his head, and away he went.

I immediately commenced to saw; but he let his head come back till I had it almost in my lap, and could see his wild eyes and bloody nostrils, a sight which promptly made me give him his head again. I thought of throwing him, but when I had his head cramped nearly to my knees, and he began to falter in his gait, I thought the chances were ten to one that I should break my neck falling at that speed. So I let him go.

The road had been straight so far, but we came to a quick turn in it; and instead of keeping to the track, he struck through a clump of willows, and narrowly missed brushing me off against a tree. I realized now that he was running blind. When a horse runs blind, he cares for nothing, sees nothing, and has only the

desire to run till he drops. Veterinary surgeons and men who have much to do with horses attribute it to a temporary insanity.

These thoughts, as they flashed through my mind, did not tend to have a very reassuring effect, but there was nothing to do but sit tight and guide him as best I could. I suppose I could have thrown myself off and run the risk of getting a few broken bones; but somehow the idea did not seem to appeal to my taste.

I recognized a few familiar objects as we flew past, and realized that we were nearing the ranch gate. I remembered that I had left the gate open, so that if I could only turn him a little to the left of the road, I should make it all right. When we reached the fork in the road, I stuck my spur into his right flank, at the same time giving a yank with all my strength on the reins. The next thing I knew was that we were flying through the gate. The trail to camp was very crooked, and Ted did not believe in wasting time; so he made a bee-line right through, missing trees by a miracle, and tearing my clothes all to rags. Suddenly we came to a level piece of ground on the side of which I could see the light of the camp. I thought it would be rather a surprise to Fred if I headed for the tent; but then I thought we might upset things, and was about to postpone my visit, when I noticed the hay stack almost straight ahead. I yanked him towards it, grabbed the horn with both hands, yelled "Fred!" and hung on for dear life, I wish I could always think as quickly as I did just then. I had a regular moving picture show of my whole life. I imagined how I should look when I was picked up. How annoying it would be after they had amputated my legs to have to go through life on my knees, selling shoe-laces!

I awoke from these pleasant dreams to find Fred running towards me with a lantern, and Ted was lying on my leg groaning and panting like a one-lunger Cadillac. Fred inquired anxiously if I was hurt, and as I was not sure, I said, "Yes, I think so!" He carefully disentangled me; then kicked Ted, who promptly rose up, apparently none the worse for his little gallop; although he must have stopped rather suddenly, and certainly looked very warm! I soon found that there were no bones broken; so Fred dried Ted off with a handful of hay, and walked him round to cool off, while I built a fire to make some tea, and celebrate my escapade with a little lunch!

A. P. HUNTER.

"F 21"

The two men were leaning over a map of a certain part of the border. Neither spoke. Perhaps they both had thoughts that they did not like disclosing to one another; or perhaps it was the novelty of the situation that unconsciously silenced them both. At any rate, nothing was to be heard except the distant noise of the five-hundred horse-power Fiat motors, which seemed to roar in defiance of the two men's meditations.

That, and the whistling of the wind was all that broke the silence. Presently one of the men spoke. He seemed to be a man of authority.

"I tell you that we can't fail," he said, as he strode over to a large window in a professional manner, and looked over the distant horizon as though expecting something.

"I'm not so sure about that, Sir," quietly returned the other.

"Well, how *can* we? Our monoplane V48 flew over F 22 and 21 this morning," he pursued, as though irritated at the other's cold manner. "He found nothing there, not even a bush or a shrub where a high-level gun could be hidden. We left this morning early, and purposely let the enemy see us flying towards the capital. Then we descended, and changed our course in the direction of F. 22, which we shall reach in an hour or two; and shall arrive at our destination about 6.30; by that time it will be dark and we shall have it all our own way. Of course you know all this, but what could be better planned, and how could it fail?" He evidently did not expect an answer, but leaned out over the window-ledge receiving the full fury of the sixty-miles-an-hour breeze in his face. Taking out his glasses, he carefully examined the ground, some two thousand feet below.

"There you have it!" he exclaimed. "The little cottage, that very winding river, and the side road leading off from the main one on the right."

The other man joined him.

"I always thought that aerial transportation would be better than water. How easy it is to find one's way!" he said as he glanced over a large blue book that he held in his left hand. "That gives us exactly two hundred and ninety-six kilometres more before we reach F. 22, and four hundred kilometres, and then—well you know the rest—about six thirty-five will see us there—I hope."

The man who seemed in command heaved a deep sigh, as though it was hopeless to convince such a fool that there was no failing to his plans.

Again there prevailed that melancholy silence only broken by the whistling of the wind, and the distant crackling of the powerful motors.

Presently footsteps were heard in the long passage-way that led to the two engine rooms. This seemed to mean something to the superior officer, who sprang to his feet, and commenced to restlessly pace up and down the narrow cabin. Nearer and nearer come the sound, until a short, thickly-built man appeared in the low, narrow doorway. Saluting, he held out his hand with a small piece of yellow paper in it. The captain seized it eagerly, read it hurriedly, and handed it to his mate, still continuing his uneasy pacing up and down. Finally, he burst into a loud laugh, and sank helplessly into the only easy chair in the cabin, his keen eyes eagerly watching those of his officer. But the other man's face grew darker as he read the little piece of paper, which contained the following brief sentences:

"Scouting biplane seen here about 2.30, heading southeast towards the city. Wireless 28."

"Does not the enemy ever send biplanes out scouting?" said the commander, with a chuckle.

"Yes, but there is a deeper meaning in it, or it would not have been flying towards the city," replied the mate, as he turned to see the beaming face of his superior gazing at him. "I would certainly," he continued, "rise to a higher altitude—about two thousand five hundred metres or so, to allow for any one's appearing and putting a hole through one of our supporters."

"We are flying as high as we can to make the distance comfortably," returned the commander, growing more serious. "There is absolutely no danger until we are about ten kilometres the other side of F. 21, where we shall rise and be out of harm's way."

As the huge biplane rose higher and higher the two men in her conversed through the telephone that was attached to their ears.

"Do you think that we shall get there in time enough?" asked the pilot.

"About five-thirty," responded the other, as he unrolled and

examined the map that was before him." "Six hundred kilometres is the distance."

"But for the deep roaring of the powerful motor, and the incessant burring of the propeller, nothing disturbed the nerve-racking solitude. For four or five hours this continued without interruption except for the casual remark of one of the men to the other, which was, however, drowned by the prevailing noise. To these experienced airmen this was nothing.

They seemed to enjoy it. They appeared to relish the monotony. Five hundred and ninety-five kilometres were thus traversed. Then the mechanic commenced to get ready a small canvas bag preparatory to throwing it over. The dial of the meter registered five hundred and ninety-eight. He lowered the bag over the side. One-and-a-half minutes then elapsed, and the six hundred ticked into its proper place. Here the man released his hold. The bag fell like a stone for several hundred feet; its streamers then were caught by the air; it unfolded, and slowly drifted some three thousand feet below.

The great machine then veered round and was lost to sight as suddenly as it had appeared.

The ground surrounding the spot where the canvas object fell was but a huge field dotted here and there with lonely trees, torn to pieces by shells, giving evidence of a recently disputed conflict. This plain, indeed, looked like desolation itself. Nothing was to be seen or heard. A lonely silence prevailed. Nature itself seemed to have deserted it. But in the far distance one could only discern a small bush.

This was an opening to a cleverly concealed basement known as F. 21.

It was indeed ingeniously hidden from view; so much so, that a friendly airman who knew its exact location could not distinguish it from the surrounding ground.

A small room whose roof was a foot or two below the ordinary level of the ground was all that this station was. It was stacked full of small boxes open at the side, disclosing the polished bases of quick-firing shells.

There was little room elsewhere but was utilized to some good purpose.

In the background there stood a machine-gun, whose muzzle

peered skyward, an ugly-looking object, striped from top to bottom, in strange contrast to the dark and peaceful surroundings.

Five men sat in readiness around it. They seemed to be waiting for something. They spoke in subdued tones, as though afraid to break the silence.

"What was the message that that biplane just dropped?" said one of the men to another beside him.

The man handed him a slip of paper. On it was the desired information.

Indeed, this paper was the same that had dropped from the aeroplane a few minutes before. It read as follows:

"Huge dirigible passed here about 11 a.m., making, possibly, for the capital. Be on the watch about 6.30. F. 22. Doubly warned."

That was the cause of their all waiting. And wait they did.

One hour elapsed and nothing appeared.

Then far over in the distant horizon there appeared the expected object.

"Are you ready?" cried the watch to the gunner. "Here she comes! North-east by east."

"I'm ready as soon as she is," responded the gunner, in his cheery voice. "It is really a shame to take advantage of her like this."

In the long but narrow cabin of the dirigible the captain and his mate were silently controlling their powerful machine as it pierced the air at sixty-five miles an hour.

"F. 22 ahead," quietly remarked the commander at the lookout, as he examined the rapidly approaching ground with his glass. "No need to rise any higher, the wind isn't strong, and there is, as I have said before, absolutely nothing on this plain."

Only be ready to raise her if anything should appear."

"I would—"

* * * * *

The mate stopped short. There was a sharp report from earth. The foremost compartment of the ship crumpled up. With deafening reports the whole dirigible seemed to expand. Then she collapsed earthward—a vivid mass of incandescent ruins.

PAUL C. BROUSE.

THE RESULT OF A FALL

FORT Qu'Appelle is situated in the valley of the same name, some sixty miles from Regina. Although it is one of the first places heard of in the early history of Saskatchewan, it is still little more than a village. This is easily explained by the fact that, until quite recently, there was no railway through it.

The Qu'Appelle River consists, for miles on each side of the Fort, of a chain of lakes. These lakes range from four to twenty miles in length, and all are about two miles wide. The scenery around them is ideal, and during the hot summer months many flock to their cool shores.

B-Say-Tah Point is one of the summer resorts. It is situated on the first lake west of the Fort, called Echo Lake. The next lake, Souix Lake, and also the one west of it, is situated in a reserve. The rivers connecting these lakes are so shallow that a boat can only be taken through with great difficulty, and so the shores of these lakes are very rarely visited. It was while spending a very enjoyable summer at B-Say-Tah Point that the incident which I am about to relate occurred.

My friend, who was also spending his holidays at the Point, owned a small launch. In it we had taken many pleasant trips, and when we went to bed one Monday night we were full of expectations for a fine time the following day. Everything had been prepared, so that when we awoke early the next morning all we had to do was to dress, snatch a hasty breakfast, and get the launch out of the boat-house.

We intended to go down through Souix Lake and then,—well that was as far as our plans carried us; but we did not doubt that we should find something to do, when we got there.

My friend soon had his engine going, and it did not take us long to cover the two miles to the end of Echo Lake, and to the stream, some two hundred yards long, which joined it to Souix Lake.

This stream was very shallow, and it took considerable manœuvring to get through it. We finally managed it, however, and reached the open water of Souix Lake.

This lake was about twelve miles long. Through it we proceeded slowly, as we had two trawling lines out, on the chance

that we might catch a fish or two. We had no luck, however, and reached the end of the lake without having caught a single fish.

The river that we now had to navigate was worse than the other. It took us nearly three-quarters of an hour to go the one hundred odd yards which separated the two lakes. It was only after much shoving that we finally accomplished our purpose.

About half way through this lake we sighted a small sheltered bay with a fine sandy beach. Here we landed, and ate the lunch which had been prepared the preceding night. After we had finished, and had dozed in the shade for half-an-hour, we decided to take a stroll along the beach.

We had not gone far before we came to where a spring spread over the shore, making a channel about fifteen feet wide, and which was almost impassable. We were forced to go away from the shore, and round it. We found the brush very thick. When we were about half-way round, my friend perceived some large, tempting berries which were, unfortunately too high for us to reach, and were in a thick clump of bushes.

Jack, however, managed to get upon the branch of a large tree, from the end of which he could reach them. He crawled out on the branch, and then reached out. Somehow or other he lost his balance, and fell. When he struck the ground there was a crash of rotten timber breaking, and he disappeared from view.

I gave a shout of alarm, and rushed forward. When I reached the spot, I looked down and found my friend sitting up about eight feet below. He had evidently fallen through the roof of an underground cabin.

I now dropped down through the hole my friend had made. He was rather dazed and shaken, but luckily there were no bones broken.

Just then I was startled by hearing him shout, and when my eyes became more accustomed to the semi-darkness, I could see with the aid of the faint light which entered through a small window what had caused the cry.

There, on a chair drawn up to a rude table, was a human skeleton. After we had somewhat recovered from our surprise and horror, we advanced to the table. We now saw what the dim light had before obscured—a hunting knife sticking in the back of it, an unmistakable sign of foul play.

On the table was an unfinished letter, which the victim was

probably writing when he received the knife-thrust which, to all appearances, had caused his death. The letter was dated Friday, June 13th, 1893, and ran as follows:

"Dear Jim,—I am now near the end of my trip, and hope to see you again in very short time.

"I am at present in the Qu'Appelle Valley, spending the night in a small cabin about twenty miles from the Fort, which we found deserted.

The cabin itself is very cleverly concealed, built as it is in a bank back from the shore. The door is in the midst of some bushes. Directly in front a spring has made the ground seemingly impassable. There is a path, nevertheless. I should never have found it alone, but my guide seemed to know it well; and now we are settled comfortably for the night.

While up north I discovered, (the words in the next line were illegible). Unfortunately I took my guide into my confidence, and I later have come to think that he is rather an unscrupulous character. Several people have since warned me about him. This however, is my last night with him, for to-morrow we shall reach the Fort, where I can discharge him.

"My trip has been very successful, and I shall have many geological specimens to show for my long journey.

"Well, it is getting late, and I am rather tired after to-day's work." (Here the letter ended).

My friend and I were horror-stricken, you may be sure, by the tragedy which had been unfolded to us. We did not choose to remain any longer than was necessary in such ghastly company, and we were not long in climbing back the way we had entered.

When we were once more out in the bright sunshine, and away from the seemingly oppressive air of the cabin, we both drew a long breath of relief. We had neither of us spoken, but we now made up for it. We had soon decided to cover the hole, and then get back to the point as quickly as possible.

On our return trip we did not waste any time. Two hours later we rounded B-Say-Tah Point, and turned into the bay.

We beached the boat and then hurried up to the house. Our story was soon told. It was decided that the Mounted Policeman at the Fort was the best man to handle the case.

The policeman was soon brought to the Point in a car. As the cabin was difficult to find, my friend and I went back again to

point the way. As it was growing late the policeman did little more than confirm with his own eyes the extraordinary story we had told.

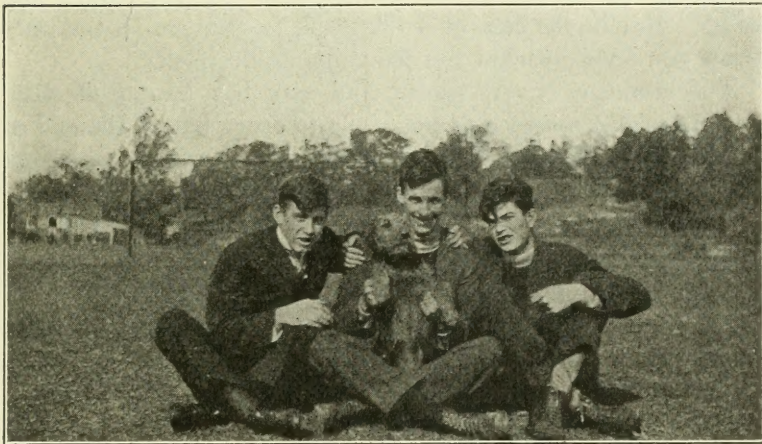
The next morning I was forced to return to Regina. The vacation had drawn to a close, and it was almost time to return to school.

After arriving here, however, I received a letter from Jack. In it he told me that more evidence had been disclosed. The dead man's name was William Gilmore, of Mount Forest, Ontario. The guide was a half-breed called Denis Paul. Nothing, however, had since been heard of him.

He was known to be at times a heavy drinker, and as the canoe was gone, it was thought that he was drowned while making his escape from the scene of the crime.

As the two principal characters are dead, it is very unlikely that anything further will ever be known concerning one of the many tragedies which occurred in the West during the early days.

R. BALFOUR.



"Birds of a Feather"

Miscellaneous

CONCERNING POCKET-MONEY

POCKET-MONEY, in some cases, is good for boys. Through the agency of pocket-money the minds of boys may be instructed, the muscular parts of the body strengthened, and also it may be used for sport and amusement.

"The instruction of the mind may be carried on in numerous ways. But the best way is for boys to spend their pocket-money in buying interesting and instructive books, such as the lives of different great men in the world's past history. For examples, the lives of Wellington, Nelson, King Edward, Lord Stratheona, and Lord Roberts.

"Pocket-money may be used to strengthen the muscular parts of the body. For instance, a boy may spend his pocket-money on a punching-bag, or a pair of boxing-gloves.

"Boys need pocket-money to buy a camera or a telegraph instrument. In the case of the camera, it is very interesting and amusing. But in the case of a telegraph instrument, it not only interests you but it teaches you the value of electricity.

"Pocket-money is very useful, and some boys cannot do without it. If pocket money was not given to every boy at the end of every week, there would be some very unhappy, lazy, unintelligent boys in the world."

MUNN.

* * * * *

Munn is not by any means the only great writer who has written on the subject of Money. The student of literature is recommended to consult the works of Juvenal, Chaucer, Dr. Johnson and Charles Dickens. It is interesting to note that whereas Chaucer, Juvenal and Munn appear to have a strong objection to poverty, Dickens and Dr. Johnson seem to have liked it. (See Chaucer's "Complaint to his Purse"). Juvenal's lines were, no doubt, present to Munn's mind when he wrote the above masterpiece. They were as follows:

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

Johnson, on the other hand, wrote:

*Usque adeo mihi fortuna fingenda est.
Interea, ne paupertate vires animi languescant,
nec in flagitia egestas abigat, cavendum.*

None of the other great writers, however, grasped the sublime point that pocket-money might be used for developing the muscular parts of the body. This distinction was reserved for Munn.

ED.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

A School Tragedy in Shakespeare's Best Style.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Professor Andrew Slapastrap, a mere Schoolmaster.	
Black <i>tertius decimus</i>	{ Heroes.
White <i>undevicesimus</i>	
Gray <i>duodetrigesimus</i>	
Green <i>millesimus</i>	

Scene.—St. Andrew's College.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Prof. Andrew Slapastrap's Bedroom; TIME, Midnight.
(The hour bell of the City Hall is heard in the distance, hustling, as usual, thro' the midnight chimes).

Professor A. S. (sitting up in bed and stretching)—

'Tis now the very witching hour of night,
When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead.

[A loud noise is suddenly heard in a distant part of the corridor]

Ah! What is that? Methinks I smell a voice!
Marry! 'tis some one out o' bed, i' faith!

I'll don my dressing-gown and search the flat,
And find out who it is, or—eat my hat!

SCENE II.—*The Corridor.*

Enter a boot from one end; Professor Andrew Slapastrap from the other. They meet in the middle.

Professor A. S. (muttering):

The flat is out of joint. O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
But 'Sdeath! and Zounds! The book I have forgot
Without the which I cannot write a jot.

[Catches sight of the boot, picks it up and examines it]

And hereby hangs a tale! Room No. 10!

A pen! a pen! my kingdom for a pen! *[Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

(Enter the Professor on tiptoe. He proceeds as far as the door of Room No. 10, where he stops).

Professor A. S. Muri aures habent, so they say:

The truth of which I'll demonstrate this day.

[Applies his ear to the keyhole]

SCENE IV.—*Room No. 10.*

Black. Holy Moses! You've been, and gorn, and done it now,
Green!

Green. Done what?

Black. Why, woke up old Slapper.

Gray. Bosh! I can hear him snoring. He sleeps like the dead.

Black. I tell you, I heard his door open.

Green (turning green). Let's go and listen.

[They open the door a crack, and listen. The Professor retires a step or two in the dark]

Gray. Nothin' doin'! I told you so. Old Slapper's dead drunk by this time. Nothing short of an earthquake 'll wake him.

Green (regaining confidence). Old Slapper's an ass. I'd tell him so to his face, for two pins.

White. I'll bet you a dollar, Green, that you haven't got the

pluck to go and throw the other boot right at old Slapper's door.

Black and Gray. Go on, Green. Be a man, and do it.

Green. I'm not afraid. But, supposing old Slapper was to ask me why I did it?

White. Tell him it slipped out of your hand, man. He's fool enough to believe anything.

Gray. We'll all swear it was an accident. We'll tell him you did it in your sleep. We'll stuff him that you're a——here, what's a chap called who walks in his sleep?

Black. A ventriloquist.

Gray. Aye, that's the word. We'll stuff him that you're a ventriloquist.

Black and White. Go on, Green. Take the bet on.

Green (turning white). I'll take it on.

Black, White, and Gray. Well played, old Green!

Black. Let's go and see the fun.

White. We'll say we saw him walking in his sleep, and ran after him to stop him.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[*In the darkness they pass the Professor, who enters the room, quietly closes the door, switches on the light, and takes possession. A distant noise as of a boot flung violently against a door, is heard. Then the four heroes return somewhat hastily, their laurels fresh upon them. Entering the room they find the Professor calmly seated at the table, with book open and pen in hand.*]

Professor A. S.

How now, ye varlets? Ye are in my power,
And ye shall rue it with full many an hour.

Green. But, Sir—

ACT II.

Professor A. S.

But me no buts, I say, but me no buts:
With stiff-stretched strap we'll talk in terms of cuts.

SCENE.—*A classroom used as a prison.*

TIME.—12.40 p.m. the following Saturday.

Black (whispering). What would I not give to be able to soak old Slapper!

White (looking black). Cursings on the head of him who first invented Detention Classes.

Green (yawning). Seven times four is thirty-six, carry five. Oh, dear! I shall never get this sum right!

Gray (studying History). Magna Charta, signed by Guy Fawkes, 1066. I'd give old Slapper some dates, if I'd my way!

Black (sotto voce). I wish we could get old Slapper out on the Rugby field. We'd take it out of him!

Professor Slapastrap. Stop talking, there, or I'll send you all out. No boy shall be permitted to remain in Detention Class whose conduct is not absolutely perfect.

White (trying to learn some Latin verses). *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* What the deuce did Vergil want to write in Latin for, when English is so much simpler? (*Sighs*) Oh, dear! I shall never master it! (*a brilliant thought suddenly strikes him*). I know what I'll do! I'll write a Latin ode to old Slapper! (*writes*) *Olim erat asinus, nomine Slapastrapus.*

[Warning bell rings. *Exeunt omnes*].



"The Long and Short of It"

THE NU SPELING

UPON that great old-fashioned tax,
The rules of spelling made by quax,
We of to-day have turned our bax.

We won't have rules of any sort,
So children now to spell are tort
Just as they like, not as they ort.

Our grandsires must have found it rough,
When pedagogues were stern and grough,
To have to master all that stough.

They had to mind and spell it "plough".
Such things we never think of nough—
We never could remember hough.

In short, in these days none but fools
Would think of heeding any rools,
Or dream of teaching them in skools.

Do as you like—this rule you seize,
Then you of learning have the keize
To open any door you pleize.

If you ambitious are to climb,
Take my advice, be wise in timb,
And break all rules. So ends my rimb.

E. C. B.



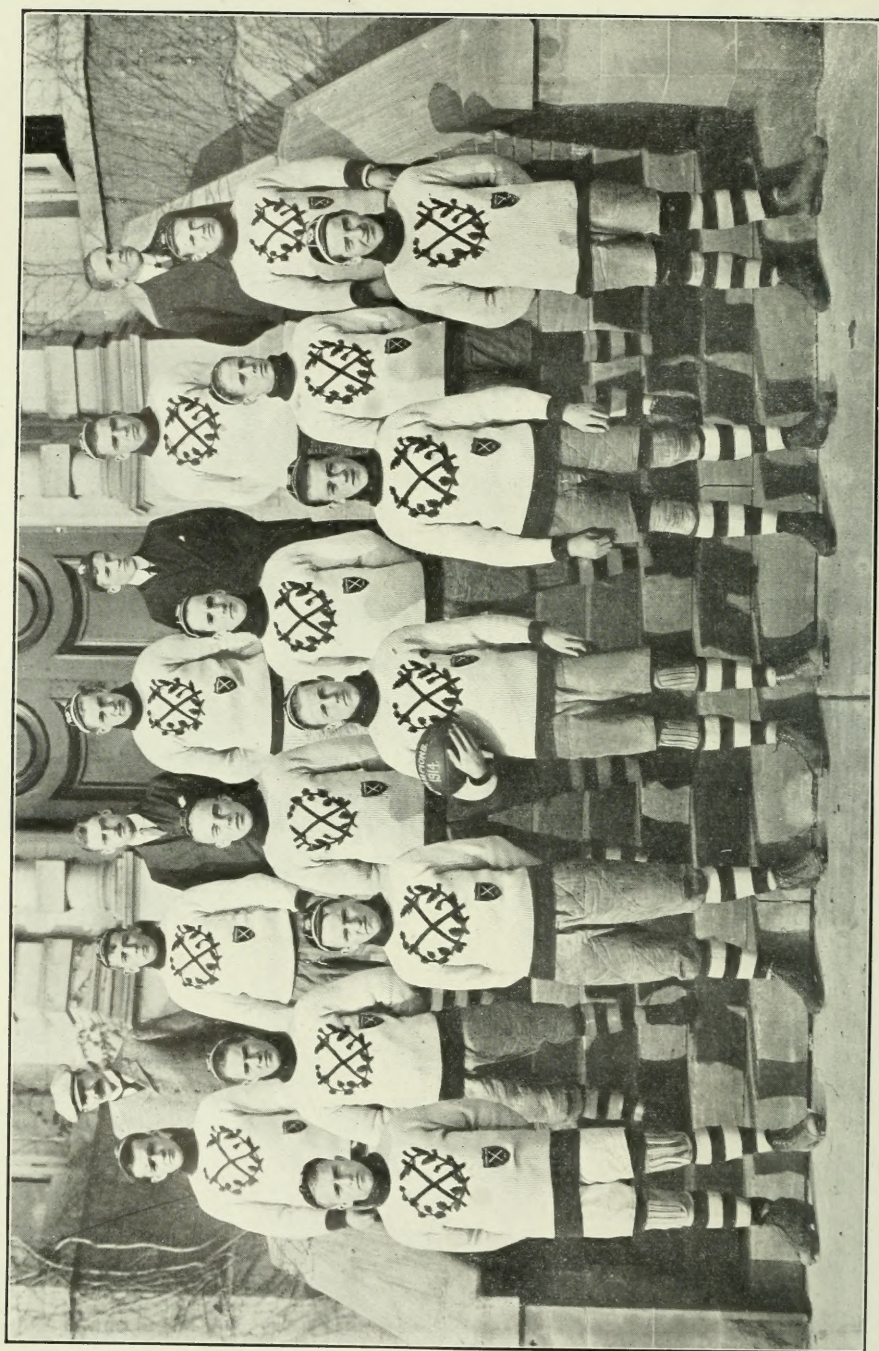
W. G. Cassells

Athletics

PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST TEAM

CASSELLS (Cassie)—An old color, and played right outside wing. He used excellent judgment in directing his team and is one of the surest tackles in the league.

Scott (Scottie)—Centre half, also an old color. A sure catch, tricky runner, and displayed great ability in calling the signals.



Champions Again !

Cossitt (Ed.)—Right half, a graduate of last year's seconds, and the best kicker we had. Also a magnificent runner. Showed best in the Ridley game.

Taylor 11. (Joe)—Left half, came up from the Lower School. A good catch and a fair kick. Fitted in well with the other halves.

Whitaker 1. (Ewart)—Quarter, also came up from last year's seconds. A good tackler and used his head.

Willoughby (Hilly)—Centre scrim, also an old color. The hardest player in the team and kept in the best condition.

McRae (Alex.)—Scrim, old color. A very steady, useful man and of much assistance in bucks.

Roger (Johnnie)—Scrim, a new boy as far as football is concerned. Steady, but inclined to tackle too high.

Soot (Eimer)—Inside wing, old color. The best buckler in the league and plays a strong defence game.

Galbraith 11. (Nig.)—Inside wing. The only new boy on the team. Bucks well, and is the best place kicker in the league.

Trow (Fatty)—Middle wing. Third year on the team. An exceptionally hard tackler. Played well in the Ridley Game.

Paterson (Pat)—Middle wing. Came up from last year's seconds. A good tackler and fair buckler, but hindered by lack of weight.

Cantley (Bunny)—Outside wing. Old color. Most aggressive player we had. Played best against Upper Canada. Hindered through the season by lame shoulder.

Davis 1. (Rick.)—Flying wing. Also an old color. Good buckler and always in his place.

The team wish to thank Grant 1 (Tod) for his able management. It is doubtful if a team ever had such a good manager.

RUGBY SEASON, 1914

THE TRINITY GAME.

S. A. C. VS. T. C. S.

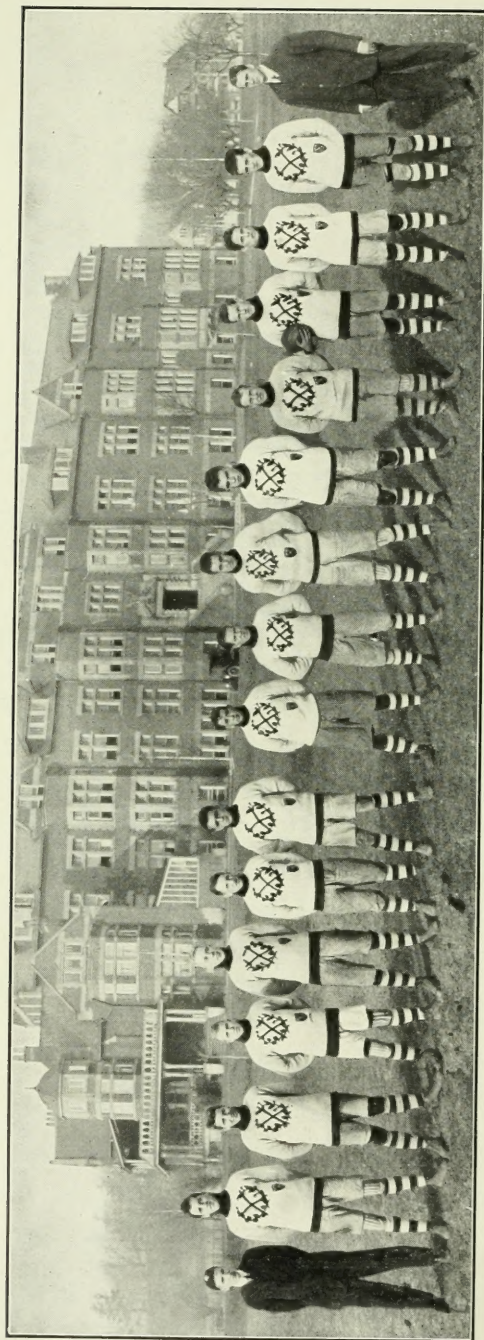
On Saturday, October 24th, the Little Big Four season opened with St. Andrew's playing at Trinity College School. The final count rather disappointed the general expectation of a close struggle, as the Saints carried off the large end of a 39—5 score. Weather conditions were not altogether conducive to good Rugby, as the keen north wind carried with it too much bitterness. The ground, however, yielded a firm footing in spite of the morning's rain.

S. A. C. lost the toss, and were given the south end of the field, playing almost directly against the heavy wind.

The teams lined up for the kick off as follows:

S. A. C. (39)	Position	T. C. S. (5)
Davis	F. W.	A. Morris
Scott	C. H.	J. Taylor II.
Cossitt	R. H.	M. McLachlin
Jos. Taylor II.	L. H.	Ketchum
Ewart Whitaker	Q.	G. Thetford
Willoughby	C. S.	Roche
Roger	R. S.	Moore
McRae	L. S.	Sutcliffe
Galbraith II.	R. I.	W. Hogg
Paterson	R. M.	(Capt.) P. Grey
Cantley (Ed. Whitaker)	R. O.	Dunbar
Soot	L. I.	M. Carter
Trow	L. M.	Cruikshank
W. Cassells (Capt.)	L. O.	Vibert
Referee, Ed. Cuzner.		Umpire, K. MacLaren

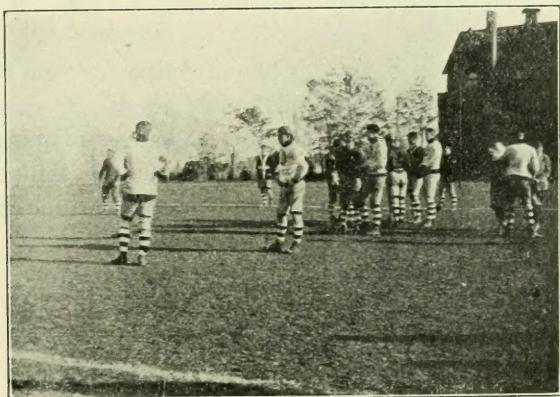
Willoughby fozzled the kick off, and Hogg secured for T. C. S. at mid-field, where S. A. C. were given possession on downs. S. A. C. at once began their bucking, and successive attempts by Soot, Galbraith and Davis netted 30 yards. Trinity then took a brace and held two bucks, forcing Cossitt to kick for a single point. S. A. C., 1. T. C. S., 0.



Fourteen Good Men and True

Helped by the wind, Taylor drop-kicked to S. A. C's line, where Scott was held, just clear. S. A. C. bucked to mid-field, where Scott and Taylor exchanged punts with no advantage. S. A. C. gained twenty yards more on bucks and McRae went over the line only to lose the ball, a rouge adding another point. S. A. C., 2. T. C. S., 0.

Taylor's long punts soon put the visitors on the defensive, and the crimson backs were several times called upon to run out kicks. Trinity's line soon began to tire under the powerful bucking of their opponents, and frequent delays were caused by injuries. Taylor, of T. C. S., twice essayed to drop goals, but both kicks



"In the Enemy's Country"

went wide. Cantley broke away for a 50-yard run, being downed twenty yards out; but S. A. C. lost on interference, and several exchanges of punts put S. A. C. in possession at centre. Scott's kick was returned by Ketchum to Joe Taylor, who, after a fine running catch, carried play to Trinity's 20-yard line by good running. Bucks by Soot and Davis covered 15 yards, and McRae went over for a try, which Galbraith converted. S. A. C., 8. T. C. S., 0. The whistle soon put an end to the period, with S. A. C. defending their twenty-yard line. S. A. C., 8. T. C. S., 0.

With the wind in their favor, St. Andrew's kicked incessantly, and early in the second quarter Cossitt booted into a rouge for a single point. The kick-off went to Scott, who, catching at centre, kicked clear to the dead line for another point. S. A. C., 10. T. C. S., 0.

Scott returned the kick-off to Trinity's ten-yard mark. Here Cantley secured a loose ball for St. Andrew's, and, after Soot and Trow had covered eight yards, Galbraith bucked over for the Saints' second try. He missed the goal by only a few inches. S. A. C., 15. T. C. S., 0.

T. C. S. kicked off, and on first down Cantley tore off a fine dodging run of 40 yards, but no score resulted. Cantley, however, sustained a severe strain of the shoulder, and Ed. Whitaker was sent in for him. Cossitt kicked to Taylor, who caught cleanly right beneath his goal. Two bucks failed, and Trow blocked Taylor's kick on last down, and himself recovered for a try. Galbraith converted very cleverly from the extreme side. S. A. C., 21. T. C. S., 0.

Trinity secured on S. A. C.'s ten-yard line for "no yards," but the visitors' sturdy line would not yield them any gain, and St. Andrew's secured on downs. Several exchanges of punts resulted in McLachlin's fumbling on his 10-yard line. Cassells recovered, and Galbraith bucked over for a touchdown, which he himself converted from a point not a yard from the side lines. S. A. C., 27. T. C. S., 0.

The whistle blew half-time, with Trinity on the offensive at mid-field. Half-time score—S. A. C., 27. T. C. S., 0.

After half-time McGillivray was sent in at right middle, Patterson going to centre scrim in place of Willoughby, whose ankle had given out. With the wind against them, the Saints returned to their bucking game. Trinity took a decided brace, and for some minutes played the Saints to a standstill. The latter, however, came back before any scoring took place. Taylor twice attempted drops at S. A. C.'s goal, but failed; once by missing the bar; another time owing to Rogers' breaking through and spoiling his kick. S. A. C. bucked to Trinity's quarter-way mark, from where "Joe" Taylor, of S. A. C., tried a drop goal. His kick went wide, however, though, taking into consideration the angle and distance, it was a very clever attempt, going only a foot or so to the side. Davis followed closely and dragged down Ketchum for a rouge. S. A. C., 28. T. C. S., 0. Cossitt returned the kick-off to Trinity's quarter line, where three-quarter time found the latter in possession. Three-quarter time score—S. A. C., 28. T. C. S., 0.

S. A. C. blocked Taylor's kick, and secured the ball 25 yards out. After the leather had changed and re-changed hands for in-

terference, Soot bucked 15 yards for a try which Galbraith could not convert. S. A. C., 33. T. C. S., 0. For five minutes the teams were content to leave the work in the hands of their respective kickers. Then Scott fumbled on his line, and the speedy Trinity wings secured for T. C. S. their only score. As they did not convert, the score was, S. A. C., 33. T. C. S., 5.

Several exchanges of punts left S. A. C. with the ball on the home team's forty-yard line. Trow and Galbraith covered ten yards, and Soot went through for the remaining thirty for the final try of the game, which Galbraith again converted from an extremely hard angle. S. A. C., 39. T. C. S., 5.

Play hovered about centre for the remainder of the game, with little advantage for either side, leaving St. Andrew's winners by 39 to 5.

Perhaps no names should be mentioned on the winners' line-up; but the work of Galbraith, Soot, and Scott was undoubtedly a little more brilliant than that of the others, Galbraith's notably so. Taylor, of Trinity, was easily the best of the home team, as his fine all-round work did much towards holding the winners to their actual score. The superior condition of the Saints told, however, and their line work added to the fact that every man played his place, gave them the victory. Ed. Cuzner and Ken. MacLaren handled the game to the entire satisfaction of all.

F. GRANT.

THE RIDLEY GAME.

S. A. C. vs. RIDLEY.

Saturday, October 31st, saw S. A. C. at St. Catharines, for what was generally expected would be the decisive game of the Little Big Four season. Both teams had come through their games the previous week in a manner which plainly showed that the final honors of the League would lie between them. The day was perfect for football, bright, with a slight breeze, which blew almost directly across the field. St. Andrew's presented the same line-up which had defeated T. C. S. a week previously, while

Ridley were but slightly changed. The teams lined up as follows:—

S.A.C.	Position.	B.R.C.
Davis I	Flying Wing	Irvine (C.)
Scott	Centre Half	D. Garrett I
Cossitt	Right Half	Parish
Taylor II	Left Half	Folger
Whitaker I	Quarter	Turnbull
Willoughby	Cen. Scrim.	B. Garrett II
Roger	Right Scrim.	Barr
McRae	Left Scrim.	Boyd II
Galbraith II	Right Inside	Ryder
Paterson	Right Middle	Wiggs
Cantley	Right Outside	Daniels
Soot	Left Inside	Gates
Trow	Left Middle	Porter
W. Cassells (C.)	Left Outside	H. Cassells

Ridley won the toss, and elected to play with the wind very slightly in her favour. Galbraith's kick-off was returned by Garrett, and St. Andrew's were in possession at centre. The Saints commenced their bucking tactics at once, and to such good purpose, that they twice gained yards. Then Ridley secured a loose ball on her forty yard line, and Garrett booted on first down to St. Andrew's thirty yard line, where Scott was downed in his tracks. The Crimsons now commenced an uninterrupted march towards Ridley's line, which terminated in McRae's being sent over for a try. It was a splendid exhibition of line-plunging. St. Andrew's lost their right to convert for moving the ball.

S.A.C., 5. B.R.C., 0.

Cossitt took the kick-off on his thirty-yard line, where Ridley secured a minute later, and Garrett booted on first down for a single point.

S.A.C., 5. B.R.C., 1.

For some minutes the home team pressed hard, and Taylor was twice called upon to run out Garrett's kicks. St. Andrew's kept to their bucking game, while Ridley relied mainly upon D. Garrett. St. Andrew's were penalized for interference on their quarter-way mark, and Garrett attempted one of his famous drop goals, which missed only by a very narrow margin. Scott ran

out safely, and Cossitt kicked to centre, where his wings secured on a fumble. S.A.C., in two bucks, reached Ridley's twenty-yard line, where Cossitt kicked to Garrett, who was held by Cassells for a rouge.

S.A.C., 6. B.R.C., 1.

A moment later Cossitt kicked over to Folger, who was dragged down by Willoughby for another point.

S.A.C., 7. B.R.C., 1.

Quarter time was called a minute later, with S.A.C. on the offensive at centre.

Shortly after the change Cossitt caught a long kick on his thirty-five-yard-line, and, evading many tackles, worked his way to within two yards of the home team's line. Soot easily covered the short distance, and Galbraith converted neatly.

S.A.C., 13. B.R.C., 1.

The play now began to open up slightly, and soon became a punting duel between Cossitt and Garrett, with the former having slightly the better of the argument; and his long kicks soon resulted in Folger again being forced to rouge by Davis.

S.A.C., 14. B.R.C., 1.

The Saints soon dropped the punting game, and, after being given the ball on the home team's thirty-yard-line, sent Soot through for a try, which Galbraith easily converted.

S.A.C., 20. B.R.C., 1.

Ridley began to assume the aggressive, but found the Crimson line impenetrable, and resorted once more to their open style. As a result of a blocked kick, S.A.C. secured forty-five yards from Ridley's line, and Scott, on first down, sent a beautiful long spiral to the dead line.

S.A.C., 21. B.R.C., 1.

Ridley were rapidly tiring under the gruelling pace set by their opponents, and they were gradually forced back on their line; with the result that just before half-time, S.A.C. added a rouge and a try by Soot, which Galbraith converted from an all but impossible angle.

Half-time score—S.A.C., 28. B.R.C., 1.

The Ridley line-up was slightly changed after the interval, Peuchen replacing Parish, while Peters took the place of Porter.

Shortly after the recommencement of play, both Peuchen and Galbraith were injured on one of the latter's bucks, and Peuchen

was forced to retire in favour of Heighington. A moment later Scott kicked to the dead line for a point.

S.A.C., 29. B.R.C., 1.

B.R.C. retained the ball by a fake kick-off, but a moment later lost on offside; and St Andrew's quickly bucked over for another try. Galbraith sent over a phenomenal convert from the very side lines.

S.A.C., 35. B.R.C., 1.

"Dud" Garrett was now playing up on the line, and his brilliant example put new life in his team-mates. St. Andrew's gathered in a loose ball on Ridley's quarter-way line, where Taylor attempted to drop a goal. D. Garrett, however, broke through, and blocked; and, on next down, booted out of danger. On S.A.C.'s first down, he broke through again, and, interrupting Whitaker's pass, ran to St. Andrew's ten-yard line, before being caught and brought to earth by Cossitt. On second down Garrett went through centre for a try, which went unconverted.

S.A.C., 35. B.R.C., 6.

On the return of Galbraith's kick-off, a combined run by Scott and Taylor brought the ball to centre, where Ridley secured a moment before three-quarter time.

Both teams were worn down by the hard pace, and Garrett several times broke through for gains; but no scoring resulted. Garrett dropped a clever field goal from thirty-five yards out; but the ball was called back for S.A.C. offside, and Ridley got ten yards. Two bucks carried the ball to within two yards of S.A.C.'s line, but Paterson prevented a score by clever tackling, and Ridley's chance was gone. Folger received a nasty gash, but continued with the game. St. Andrew's were now in possession ten yards from their line, with Ridley pressing hard; but Taylor relieved by a fast forty-yard run. Cassells then opened up a few tricks, and, as a result, Trow was sent over on the third attempt, making the final score of the game, Galbraith missing his kick, owing to the difficult angle.

S.A.C., 40. B.R.C., 6.

Shortly after the kick-off Daniel intercepted a pass, and ran to the Saints' five-yard line before being brought down from behind, by Cossitt. Ridley failed to complete the distance, and full-time found S.A.C. defending her twenty-yard line.

Final score—S.A.C., 40. B.R.C., 6.

The brilliant star of the day was Dudley Garrett, as his phenomenal kicking and running were always a menace to the visitors, scoring, as they did, all Ridley's points, and he playing under great difficulties.

St. Andrew's success was achieved mainly by their strong line-plunging, at which Soot, McRae and Trow excelled; but added to this was the all-important fact that each individual played his position and played it well.

F. GRANT II.

THE UPPER CANADA GAME.

S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

Champions again! On Saturday, November 7th, Old Andy cleaned up her second championship in two years, and incidentally set up a score which will stand for years as a Little Big Four Record; and which almost equalled the Canadian record (106), by trimming U.C.C. to the tune of 98 to 7. Heavy intermittent showers fell in the early morning, but a warm sun soon dried the gridiron, and the weather in nowise hindered play. "Rusty" Bell and "Jack" Ramsey had been secured to officiate, and they handled the game perfectly. The teams lined up for the kick-off at 10.45, as follows:—

S.A.C.	Position.	U.C.C.
Davis I	Flying Wing	Dean
Scott	Centre Half	McWhinney
Cossitt	Right Half	Wright
Taylor II	Left Half	Hamilton
Whitaker I	Quarter	Grier
Willoughby	Centre Scrim.	Henderson
Roger	Right Scrim.	R. Hay
McRae	Left Scrim.	Hess
Galbraith II	Right Inside	O'Reilly
Soot	Left Inside	Hay
Paterson	Right Middle	Price
Trow	Left Middle	Phillips (C.)
Cantley	Right Outside	Esten
W. Cassells (C.)	Left Outside	Mulock

S.A.C. lost the toss, which, by the way, they have done in all games this year, and kicked off toward the south end. There was scarcely any wind, what there was being almost across the field. S.A.C. soon got possession at centre, and bucked half the length of the field for a try, McRae carrying the ball over in less than two minutes of play. Galbraith converted easily.

S.A.C., 6. U.C.C., 0.

It was patent to all that U.C.C. were entirely outclassed; but, nevertheless, they fought gamely. Immediately after the kick-



At Home to U.C.C.

off, U.C.C. secured for interference ten yards from S.A.C.'s line, and, on McWhinney's high punt, Cossitt was forced to rouge.

S.A.C., 6. U.C.C., 1.

Hamilton returned the kick-off to S.A.C.'s ten-yard line. Here St. Andrew's line-plungers commenced a steady onslaught, and buck after buck went through; till, finally, McRae went over again, after the Crimson had advanced uninterruptedly the entire length of the field. Galbraith added another point by his convert.

S.A.C., 12. U.C.C., 1.

Quarter-time was called a moment later, with S.A.C. in possession on their opponents' twenty-yard line.

Taylor tried to drop a goal on first down, but was blocked. S.A.C., however, blocked McWhinney on the next play; and Scott

went over for a try, which, however, was not allowed, and U.C.C. kicked to centre. Here Scott kicked on first down, Hamilton fumbled behind his line, and Whitaker recovered for a touchdown, which Galbraith did not convert.

S.A.C., 17. U.C.C., 1.

A moment later, Cossitt kicked over to Wright, who was forced to rouge, by Cassells.

S.A.C., 18. U.C.C., 1.

Paterson secured a loose ball shortly after, and Soot bucked over for a try, which was converted from a difficult angle.

S.A.C., 24. U.C.C., 1.

Scott, shortly after, booted to the dead line for a point.

S.A.C., 25. U.C.C., 1.

S.A.C. continued to buck, and soon Cassells was enabled to get over for a try, after blocking McWhinney's kick, Galbraith converted.

S.A.C., 31. U.C.C., 1.

Cassells took a fumbled pass by U.C.C. on her twenty-yard line, and on first down Soot bucked over. Galbraith again put over a very clever convert.

S.A.C., 37. U.C.C., 1.

Half a minute later Cossitt kicked to touch-in-goal for a single point, and when Wright fumbled Cossitt's return of the kick-off, Whitaker gathered in the ball for a touchdown, which went unconverted.

S.A.C., 43. U.C.C., 1.

After the kick-off, Upper Canada made her yards for the first time in the game, just before the half-time whistle.

Ewart Whitaker, Soot, McRae and Cossitt have been the Crimsons' best so far; while Mulock and Esten have shown up for the Blue. Upper Canada have been almost powerless against the Saints' bucks, which gain substantially every time.

SECOND HALF.

St. Andrew's commenced to rush things, and in less than three minutes Soot went through for five points, which Galbraith made six by a neat convert.

S.A.C., 49. U.C.C., 1.

After the kick-off had been returned, S.A.C. were given the

ball at midfield, whence bucks by Davis and Soot carried it over again, and Galbraith converted once more.

S.A.C., 55. U.C.C., 1.

After the kick-off, the Saints bucked to U.C.C.'s quarter-way mark; here Ewart Whitaker slipped around the end for a twenty-yard gain, but received a kick on the head which forced him to retire, after having played a most brilliant game. Cassells went to quarter, and Ed. Whitaker took his place at outside wing. On the next play Soot was sent through for another touchdown, which Galbraith was unable to convert.

S.A.C., 66. U.C.C., 1.

Upper Canada were now almost completely worn down, and frequent fumbles by their back division resulted in Cassells smothering a loose ball for another five points, as Galbraith missed the convert.

S.A.C., 71. U.C.C., 1.

U.C.C.'s kick-off was short, and after Taylor had covered thirty yards around the end, bucks by Davis and McRae resulted in another try, which Galbraith converted.

S.A.C., 77. U.C.C., 1.

The Saints now commenced to play a more open game, but on an attempted end-run Henderson intercepted a pass and sprinted thirty yards for Upper Canada's only touchdown, which was converted.

S.A.C., 77. U.C.C., 7.

Three-quarter time was called with no further scoring.

In the last quarter the Saints scored almost at will, as their opponents seemed almost powerless against their strong line-plunging. In the first minute of play, Cossitt booted to the dead-line, and two minutes later, on another of his kicks, Scott forced a rouge by downing McWhinney.

S.A.C., 79. U.C.C., 7.

Paterson was hurt, and was replaced by Phillips. The Crimson, after being given the ball right on their own line, sent through buck after buck until Soot was pushed over for a try. This went unconverted.

S.A.C., 84. U.C.C., 7.

During the next three minutes Cossitt twice kicked for single

points, which was followed up a minute later by Cantley's securing a fumbled ball for a try, after having dribbled it thirty yards. Galbraith made the convert.

S.A.C., 92. U.C.C., 7.

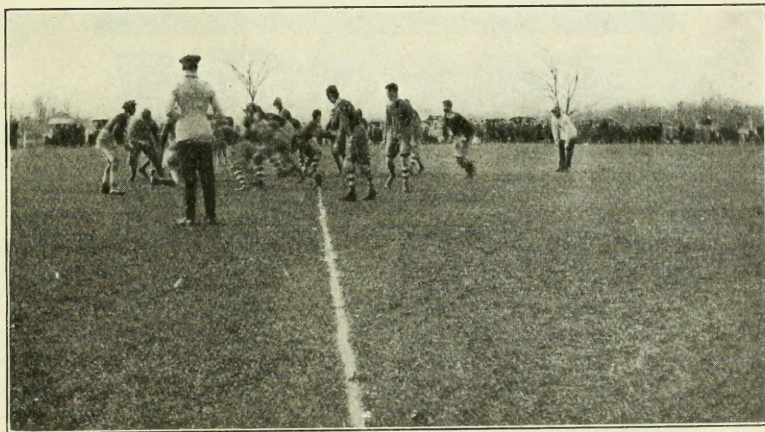
Two minutes before the whistle McRae ploughed through for the Saints' sixteenth touchdown, Galbraith converted; making in all, twelve converts during the game. Full-time saw St. Andrew's in possession two feet from Upper Canada's goal-line.

S.A.C., 98. U.C.C., 7.

The Upper Canada boys admitted that they were completely outclassed in all departments of the game. The two best on their line-up were Mulock and Esten, their outsiders.

For St. Andrew's, Soot and McRae, and indeed the entire wing line gave an extraordinary exhibition of line-plunging, while the back division played a remarkably steady game. Cossitt's kicking deserves special mention as also does the goal-kicking of Galbraith. Cassells deserves great credit for his fine generalship during the entire season.

F. GRANT.

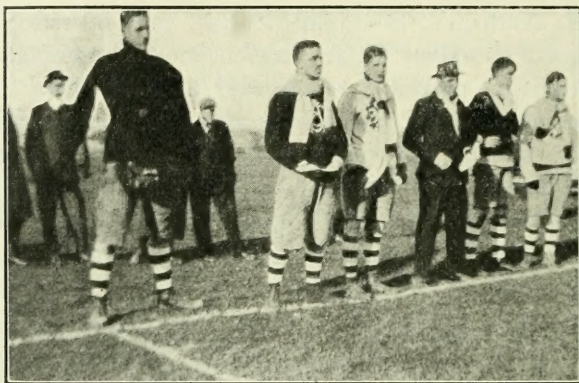


"In the Thick of It"

POST-MORTEMS ON THE RUGBY SEASON

In addition to winning the second successive championship of their league, S.A.C. also won all their practice games handily, beating Parkdale by 13 to 9, Technical High School by 14 to 0, and Jarvis by 31 to 0. During the season our boys ran up 235 points, allowing only 27 scores against them.

Murray Galbraith converted 18 times out of 26 chances, and a great many of them from almost the extreme side-lines, which is an excellent record, to say the least.



The Landsturm

Ed. Whitaker filled in very well in his two chances against Trinity and Upper Canada, tackling and following up well.

Scott was a "find" for centre-half, playing even a better game there than at quarter, which position was ably filled by Ewart Whitaker. Scott's kicking against the wind at Port Hope was of exceptionally high calibre.

The playing, notably the catching, of the half-line was remarkably steady, and supported the line-plungers ably. Cossitt also cut off several scores during the season by his fast tackling.

Before disbanding, the team sent in a challenge to the junior O.R.F.U. winners. The latter, however, did not accept, and S.A.C. must remain content with the laurels they have won.

No changes were made in St. Andrew's line-up during the season, as we presented the same team against all our opponents.

Paterson, despite the fact that he is the lightest man on the wing-line, did some excellent tackling and buck-stopping during the season.

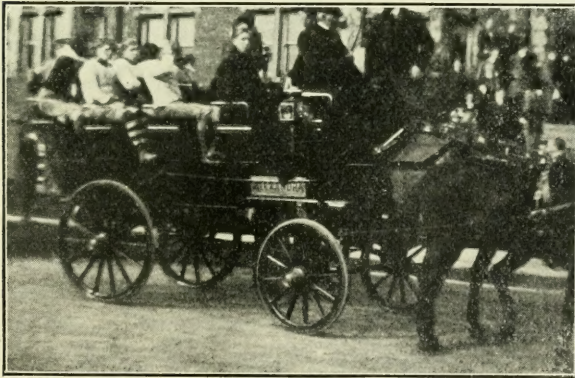
F. GRANT.

FOOTBALL NOTES

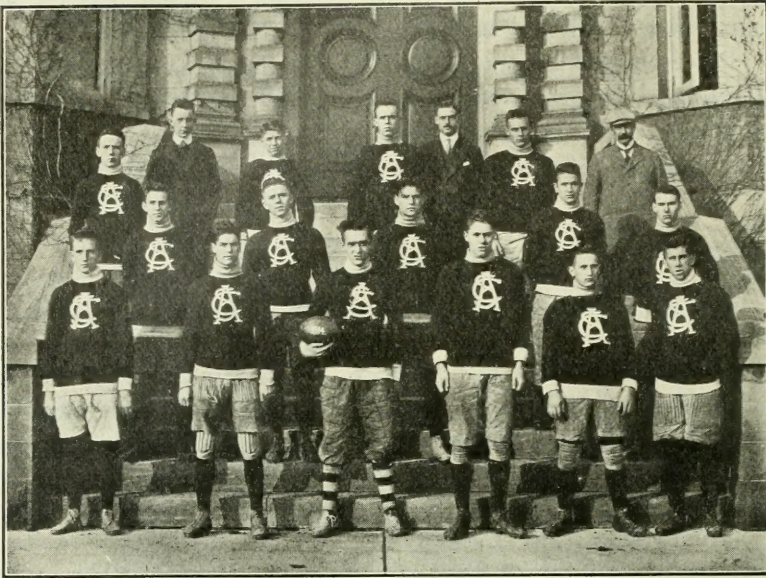
A week or so after the close of the season a congratulatory telegram was received from England from the Old Boys in camp on Salisbury Plain, of whom there are nearly fifty. It speaks well for our graduates, that, while in training, preparatory to going to serve their country at the front, they can nevertheless find time to think of their old school, and to express their interest in her welfare and progress.

Great credit should be given to Cantley, who filled the position of acting captain during the early days of the season. The initial few weeks are by far the most trying, and much of the success of the season was due to his early efforts in organizing the teams.

F. GRANT, II.



The Embarkation



The Second Contingent

THE SECOND TEAM

On Tuesday, Nov. 10th, the Second Team defeated Upper Canada Second Team, 13 to 6, on Upper Canada's grounds. The day was anything but good for Rugby, as it was raining and snowing, and the field was in a poor condition.

St. Andrew's lined up as follows:—

Flying Wing—Dimock (Capt.).

Halves—McPherson, Leishman, Campbell.

Quarter—Douglas.

Scrim.—Taylor I, Comstock, Horn.

Inside Wings—Duncan, Rankin.

Middle Wings—Bailey, Phillips.

Outside Wings—Whitaker II, Wallace.

Spares—MacDonald, Mosley, Firstbrook, Galbraith I.

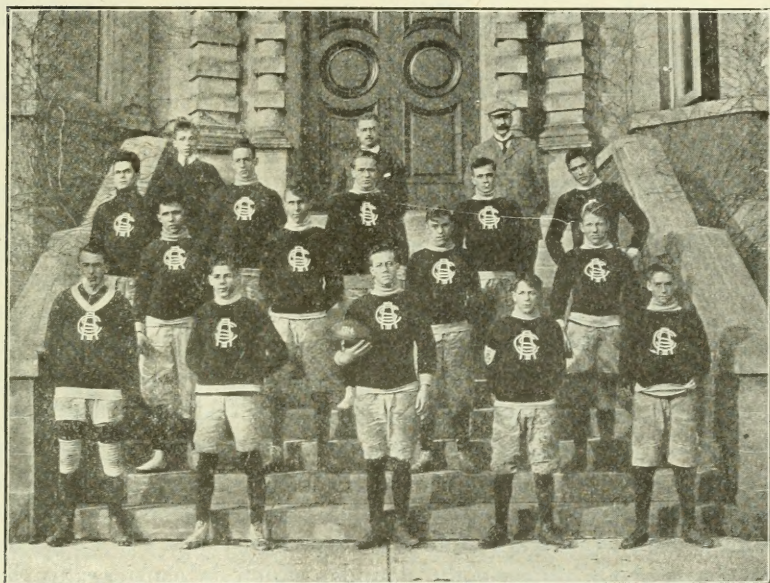
Within a few minutes of play, Bailey went over the line for a touch, which was not converted. The Saints bucked well, but were lost on the muddy field. In the latter part of this half good line-plunging gave U.C.C. a touch which was not converted.

In the second half, St. Andrew's returned to kicking, and scored three rouges, while U.C.C. succeeded in getting one.

In the last quarter, St. Andrew's worked hard for a touch-down, and, with only three minutes to play, St. Andrew's, by three successive bucks, went over with Duncan under the ball. Some dispute arose over this, but the ball was over. This was not converted, time being called.

Final score, S.A.C., 13. U.C.C., 6.

I. MACG.



On the Steps of Learning

THE THIRD TEAM

The third team, under the captaincy of Davis II, had a very successful season.

The first two games were played with St. Clements, and U.T.S. Seconds. Both games resulted in victories for St. Andrew's, by large scores.

On November 4th, the annual game with Upper Canada thirds was played on our own grounds. This was a much better game than the previous two, but S.A.C. again won by the score of 22-2.

Two days later the team went to Oakville, and played Appleby College. The game was closely contested, but our opponents were victorious.

The return match was played on Nov. 11th. The play in this game was very even, but the visitors again won, this time by 18-12. This was the last game played.

The outstanding feature of all the games, was the running of Moseley and the tackling of Rolph.

The following received their colors: Fleming, Moseley, King, Rose, Rolph, Meyers, Galbraith, Leckie, MacDonald I, Neill, Cameron, MacCutcheon, Winter, MacDougall I, and Davis II (Captain).

R. M. BALFOUR.

THE LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY SEASON

THE Lower School has not been very successful on the field of sport during the past season. We have no desire to hide ourselves completely behind the screen of physical disabilities, but it is only fair to say that our choice of heroes has been circumscribed by the smallness of our numbers, and that the heroes themselves have not been conspicuous for their Herculean proportions. With the exception of Blayney, none of the team has possessed any very great weight, and Blayney was only able to play in the return match with Upper Canada College, which was contested on our own ground. The average weight of our players has been about ninety-eight pounds, which is considerably less than that of last year.

Out of six matches played we only managed to win one, and that was the first. This victory was achieved against the Crescent Club. We hasten to state that this club has no official connection with Turkey, against whom we are at present at war; though it is quite possible that some of its members are *Young Turks*. And in saying this we have no desire to speak slightly of our very sporting opponents, especially as some of our own budding players are themselves *Young Turks*, if not *Tartars*. The result of our first engagement with these Oriental gentlemen was a score of seventeen points to nil. This was due to the *sublime port* of our men, who found themselves quite equal to the occasion—for once.

By the time the return match was held, however, our adversaries had brought up considerable reinforcements and several much heavier guns, by means of which they secured a notable victory of eleven points to six.

Against the Lower School of the University of Toronto School (known to sportsmen as U.T.S.), we succeeded in being most unsuccessful. We have hardly the face to announce the score; but perhaps we shall feel better in the next paragraph.

They outweighed us—they outplayed us! (The poetry was unavoidable. When men feel strongly about things they burst the restraining bonds of prose and warble forth their deeds in song). Suffice it to say, they beat us by thirty-four points to nil. A great weight is now off our mind. But—*miserabile dictu*, as Shakespeare says—worse is to come!

Against Deer Park we were again defeated, but this time only by the Lilliputian margin of twelve points to nil. That is nothing, when you have gone through what we have! We have come to regard this kind of thing as a mild form of victory!

In the first game against the Lower School of Upper Canada College we were completely outclassed by the weight of our opponents. The U.C.C. team were a formidable lot of men. Their bucks were particularly powerful, our much smaller team being quite unable to hold them back. Honorable mention must here be made of Gallagher, who played exceptionally well. His tackling was particularly good.

Time was when we should have blushed to state in cold print the score, and thus hand down to posterity a weapon with which to mock our memory. At any rate, we give this unpleasant subject a paragraph to itself, in the hope that, dear reader, you will pass it by without reading it, or read it without noticing what it contains—an achievement, by the way, at which we schoolboys, by dint of long practice in preparation, have become experts. This aforesaid score was forty-one to nil. We refrain from saying in whose favor, but it was not in ours.

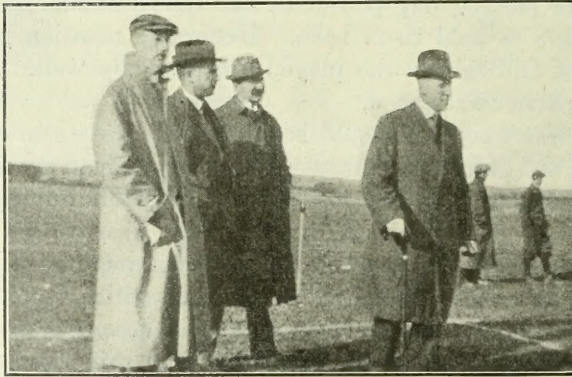
In the return match with U.C.C., played on a very cold and uncomfortable day (from the point of view of the spectators), our team gave a much better account of themselves, so much so, indeed, that at half-time there was positively no score on either side. Blayney was very useful here, and did good work, especially in the bucking, where his weight was badly needed and well

used. It was in the third quarter that Fortuna, the goddess of fickleness, began to smile at our opponents, causing them, despite our heroic resistance, to gain a touch, but preventing them (with the help of Aeolus) from converting. In the last quarter history repeated itself, as, from time to time, it has a knack of doing; with the result that the final score was ten to nil in our opponent's favor.

— The personnel of the team was as follows:—Stonehouse, outside wing; Gallagher, outside wing; Thorley, inside wing; Morton, inside wing; Cross, middle wing; Blayney, middle wing, Hill, left scrumage; Cox, right scrumage; Merlick I, centre scrumage; Easson, quarter; Kent, flying wing; Boyd, middle wing; Auld, centre half; Fielding, left half; Lawson, right half.

Captain, Lawson. First Spare, Somers II.

E. C. B.

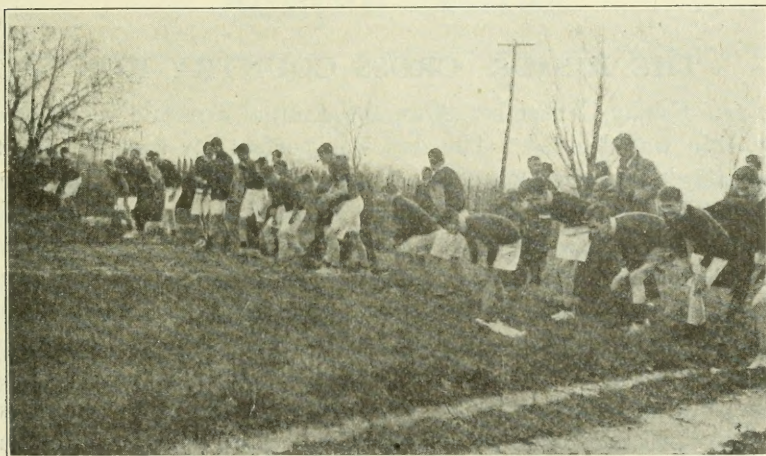


Quot Homines tot sententiae

THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN

On Tuesday, November 17th, the Annual Cross Country Run took place. The day was anything but suitable for running, as a biting wind blew from the north, carrying with it a blowy snow-storm. However, a surprising number of entries were booked, and the weather in nowise affected the spirits of the contestants. The pistol cracked sharp at 3.30, and the race began.

Cantley sprang away into a lead of fifty yards, but was soon forced to drop back. Cossitt took the lead after the first mile, with Bell second. The latter, however, was forced to drop out,



"Are You Ready?"

owing to cramps, and Willoughby ran second with Dimmock pressing him. Cossitt maintained his lead to the end, finishing with a good margin. Willoughby was second, and he beat Dimmock by fifty yards. Cossitt completed the three-and-a-half miles in 21 minutes 4 seconds,—very good time, taking into consideration the weather.

The prizes were awarded as follows:—

- 1st—Cossitt, gold medal.
- 2nd—Willoughby, silver medal.
- 3rd—Dimmock, bronze medal.
- 1st Team cake—Cantley.
- 2nd Team cake—Douglas.

Boarders' cake—McPherson.

Prefects' cake—Davis I.

Lower Flat cake—Rolph.

Upper VI Form cake—Lowndes.

Lower VI Form cake—Whitaker II.

Fifth Form cake—Moseley.

Fourth Form cake—Frith.

Third Form cake—Harris.

The REVIEW wishes to congratulate Cossitt and all those who entered, on their excellent showing and good running.

F. GRANT II.

THE JUNIOR CROSS COUNTRY RUN

On Friday, November 20th, the Annual Junior Cross Country Run was decided. The day was perfect for such an event, and a splendid number of the juniors were entered. The race commenced at 3.45, and exactly 16 minutes and 16 seconds after the start, Macdonald III crossed the finishing line, a winner by 50 yards. Gallagher finished second, winning the bronze medal. Lawson, who finished third, received Mr. Clayton's cake, and Home II, coming in fourth, was awarded the Second Form cake. Findlay II, who finished fifth, was winner of the Day-boys' cake, and that presented by Mrs. Montgomery went to Black. Merry was the recipient of the First Form cake; while Mr. Furnival's was awarded to Menold, who carried off ninth place.

The first ten contestants finished as follows:—1st, Macdonald III; 2nd, Gallagher; 3rd, Lawson; 4th, Home; 5th, Findlay II; 6th, Kent; 7th, Merry; 8th, Simpson; 9th, Menold; 10th, Denovan.

F. G. II.

HOCKEY PROSPECTS

The Hockey prospects this year are not so bright as those of last season; nevertheless we hope to do more.

There will be three, possibly four, old colors back after Christmas. The new material, as far as we can judge, is good; still we cannot assume too much until we see them on ice.

No doubt the season will be a successful one, especially if the

fellows put the same spirit into the game as they did in Rugby; and, no doubt, they will.

We are entered in the Junior O.H.A. again, and in all probability will be in the same group as last year.

We are fortunate in having the Arena to practise in again this season, which will enable us to work out before Christmas.

CANTLEY.

School Notes

DINNERS

Since the close of the season several dinners are being tendered the team.

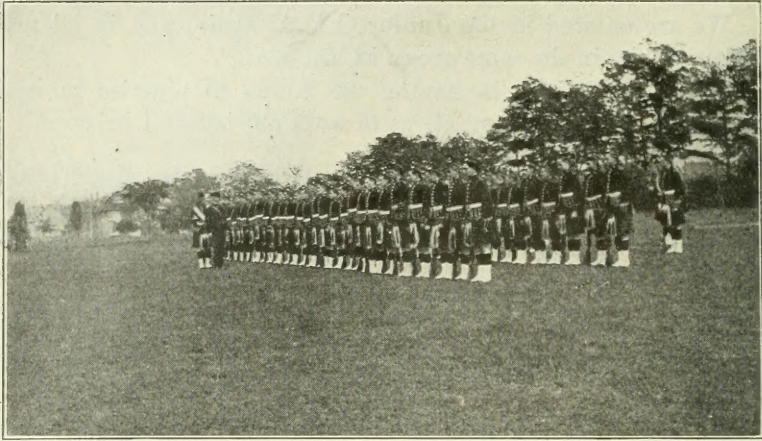
First, Colonel Gooderham very kindly gave a sumptuous spread at the King Edward Hotel, on Friday, November 20th. All present thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Short speeches were made after the repast, and a general air of mirth and congeniality made it a most pleasant affair.

Then, Mr. W. G. Cassells, on behalf of his son, Captain "Walter," gave a spread at the Hunt Club, on Tuesday, Dec. 1st. It was not a dress affair, and, assisted by Mr. Jules Brazil, the well-known entertainer, was a brilliant success.

At the time of going to press, the team are looking forward with unabated expectation to the banquet to be given at the Ontario Club on Monday, Dec. 7th, by Mr. D. I. Grant, on behalf of his nephew, our "peppery" manager, "Tod." Grant. This bids fair to rank with any as a successful and merry evening.

Then, last but not least, there is yet to come, the College Football Dinner, which is invariably a source of great enjoyment.

From which it may be seen that a championship team does not necessarily fare badly.



"The Old Guard"

THE CADET CORPS

The Cadet Corps this year has recruited to the usual strength; in fact, it is somewhat stronger, if anything.

We have been unable to secure a sergeant to drill the corps. Lieutenant Sinclair, our former instructor, is away with the first contingent; but some of our Old Boys have kindly offered to act in that capacity.

One cannot write about the Cadet Corps without mentioning the ex-Cadets who are now in England, or training in Canada, for the second contingent. We extend to them our heartiest wishes for good luck.

Some of the boys known as the "Carpenters' Union," built a house on the new school grounds. A shooting range is to be built as well; and there we hope to improve our marksmanship.

The spirit of the corps is excellent. The war has had an inspiring effect, and, as a result, the fellows are drilling faithfully. We intend this year to be the best in the history of the corps.

A Junior Corps is being organized in conjunction with the Senior.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

THE following Old Boys have been in communication with the College since the publication of the Midsummer REVIEW:—

F. S. Milligan, 33 Rathnally Ave., is now working for the City of Toronto.

Henry Herschkvotiz, working with the Hamburg-American line, Mexico City, Mexico.

D. G. McGregor, attending the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.

The marriages of the following Old Boys have been reported to the REVIEW since the publication of the Mid-summer number:

Lloyd M. Ault, June 9th, 1914, married to Miss Wilhelmena Gladys Currier, of Toronto.

Fred. H. M. Irwin, August 19th, married to Miss Katherine Maclaren of Whitby, Ont.

John S. Galbraith, July 28th, married to Miss Eileen Haney, of Port Credit, Ont.

Geo. B. Frost, Sept. 30th, 1914, married to Miss Marion Pearl Robinson, of Smith's Falls, Ont.

Geoffrey A. J. Boak, August 30th, 1914, a son.

Harrison A. Driscoll, August 26th, 1914, a son.

A. E. Duncanson, June 21st, 1914, a son.

Lesslie Ferguson, August, 1914, a daughter.

SOCIETY NOTES

A sewing circle has been organized by Miss Sooks McGregor, for the benefit of the new boys. As the winter will be a hard one, good work will be accomplished.

Mr. "Archie" Fleming, after his recent accident, returned to Ottawa, where he seems to have become very indisposed as to coming back. If that city can stand the strain, we hope that he will return after Christmas.

One of the most enjoyable little luncheons of the social season

was given by Miss Fat Emma Davis for her fiancé, Mr. "Chappy" Hagawong.

Several society leaders invited themselves to aid in the destruction of the sumptuous repast. Among these was Miss Fateria Soot, who sent members of the Carpenter's Union ahead to widen the doorway. Union hours were over when these men arrived, and Miss Soot was forced to enter in a most undignified manner.

Miss Davis received the guests near her washstand, dressed in one of Cooper's latest creations. Mr. Hagawong stood with his arm about her middle, and ably assisted; although a trifle shy, he gave everyone a cordial hug, and said how disgusted he was to meet them. The ravenous visitors were allowed to wander about in the spacious apartments, while the pork and beans and other delicacies were being prepared.

Among those present, were especially noticed, Miss Stringy Cossitt, in grey charmeuse, à la B.D.V., and winsome Miss Navy-plug McRae, in a ravishing gown of tinsel-paper, trimmed with cigarette ribbons.

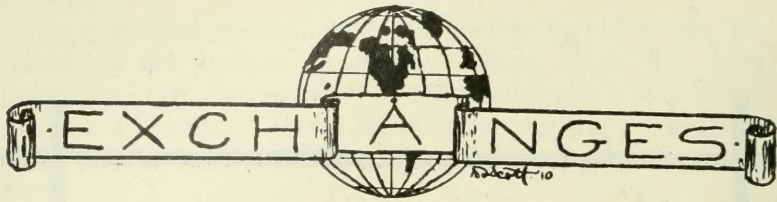
A sudden departure of the guests came when a well-directed pop bottle hit Miss McRae on the jaw, this being followed up by strange footsteps in one of the many corridors of the house.

The first annual theatre-party of the physiography students was enjoyably spent at a movie show on King Street. After the performance, the host, Mr. Detweiller, suggested that they should dine at some exclusive café; accordingly, the party wended its way to Bowles's, where they enjoyed "*one hot bean*"!!! On account of the late hour the billiard room was avoided. Another party is looked forward to by all those who participated.

JOE TAYLOR.

OBITUARY

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Lawrence Robert Wilson. Wilson was born on the fifth of June, in the year 1893. He entered the school at the age of twelve, taking his place in the Second Form. He was with us from Sept. 19th, 1905, to June 21st, 1910. By 1909 he had mounted the ladder of learning as far as the Lower VIth Form, and at the end of that year was third in General Proficiency, and sixth in Honours. In 1910 he passed the Matriculation Examination of the University of Toronto; and, on leaving us, he spent one year there in the study of Arts, and two years in the study of Medicine. With an excellent record behind him, and on the very threshold of what seemed to all a most promising career, he developed typhoid fever, and, after a long illness, died on the 29th day of last September. He will be remembered with affection and respect by all who knew him. We extend to all his sorrowing relatives and friends our cordial sympathy.



WE wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following first-rate exchanges, and here take the opportunity of voicing the hope that some of our former acquaintances, which do not appear in the ensuing list, will have been received before our next issue:

Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.; *Acta Victoriana*, Victoria College, Toronto, Ont.; *The Albanian*, St. Alban's, Brockville, Ont.; *Alt-Heidelberg*, Heidelberg College, Heidelberg, Germany; *The Argosy*, Mt. Allison University, Sackville, N.B.; *The Ashburian*, Ashbury College, Ottawa; *The Bishop Bethune College Magazine*, Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.; *The Black and Red*, University School, Victoria, B.C.; *Blue and White*, Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, N.B.; *Boone Review*, Boone University, Wuchang, China; *The Carlisle Arrow*, Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pa., U.S.A.; *The Chronicle*, Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; *Lux Columbian*, Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.; *Daedalion Monthly*, College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas; *The High School Times*, Chatham High School, Chatham, N.B.; *St. Margaret's Chronicle*, St. Margaret's College, Toronto, Ont.; *New York Military Academy Bulletin*, New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.; *Purple and Gray Magazine*, College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.; *Queen's Journal*, Alma Mater Society of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.; *The School*, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont.; *The Scotch Collegian*, Scotch College, Melbourne, Australia; *Trinity College School Record*, Trinity College School, Port Hope; *Western Canada College Review*, Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.; *The Wilmerding Life*, Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, San Francisco, California; *The Wind Mill*, The Manlius Schools, Manlius, N.Y.

Blue and White.—A few more school photographs would slightly improve your otherwise interesting paper.

St. Margaret's Chronicle.—Your magazine, with its excellent stories and articles, shows that your staff must be hard-working and efficient. The publication does credit to your school.

The Black and Red.—As far as school news goes your paper is excellent. Fiction and illustrations, however, would add to its attractiveness.

Acta Victoriana.—An unusually good magazine with well-written poetry, jokes that are jokes, and interesting stories. Your article on the causes of the war is complete and convincing.

The Albanian.—Your articles are clever and literary. One notices, however, a lack of illustrations in your paper. Some school snap-shots are always welcomed by the reader.

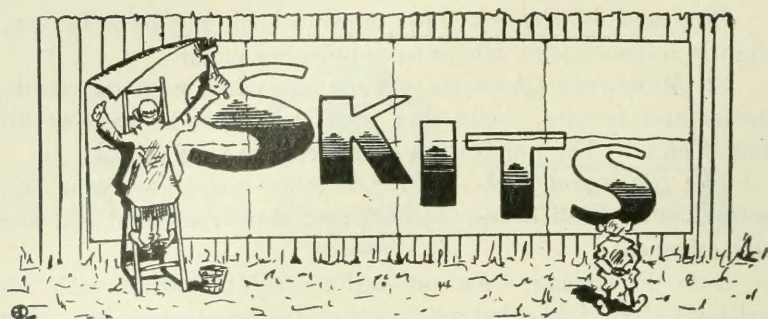
The Wilmerding Life.—As usual, you send us a cleverly written magazine, with first-rate stories, humorous drawings, and original jokes and cuts.

The Ashburian.—Your publication is interesting, and gives an outsider a very good idea of the school life of the college. The old boys' supplement is a good idea, but have you not room for a little fiction?

The Boone Review.—Your magazine is well worth the time spent in reading it. It gives us an idea of the conditions in China, and the progress that is being made there.

The Scotch Collegian.—It is truly "a magazine of work, games, and old boys' news." Your form notes are interesting and original; your poetry is also good, but we note a lack of good stories.

LECKIE.



MR. Taylor (to Beer)—“Did you come up to my room after school yesterday?”

Beer—“No, sir!”

Mr. Taylor—“Well, we’ll have to make a special case of Beer.”

Duncan—“What’s a Caterpillar?”

Hunter—“An upholstered worm.”

Davis, I—“All undertakers are rich.”

McRae—“Yes; but their business is dead.”

Mr. Findlay—“Just a word about ‘nutting’ (nothing) before we proceed.”

Cantley (before Rugby game)—“Gee, it’s a tough bunch we’re playing to-day.”

Cossitt—“Then you’ll be right at home, eh?”

Mr. Taylor—“That table remain behind!”

Neill—“It wasn’t coming with us, sir.”

A lady I met in Cologne,
Was the fairest I ever had knogne;
When I asked her to wed,
You can guess what she sed,
When I tell you I’m living alogne.

Mr. Findlay—“Give the future tense of *he drinks*.”

Campbell—“He will be drunk.”

Duncan (at table)—“They didn’t give me any meat.”

Joe Taylor—“It’s under your peas.”

Duncan—“Oh! I beg your pardon, Joe, I looked under the wrong pea.”

A good guard against water on the knee is to wear pumps.

Fishee, Fishee,
Nibble, nibble,
I no catchee,
Ish ga bibble!

Mr. Taylor—"Who made that noise?"

Douglas—"I did, sir; but I have a cold in my head."

Mr. Taylor—"Well, I'm glad to hear there's something there at last."

The boy sat at his book-strewn desk,
His brain went round in whirls,
His hands and mouth were full of pens,
But his thoughts were full of girls.

The Branksome Harriers Club wish to thank those S.A.C. boys, who so nobly sacrificed an afternoon's pleasure, in order to act as stewards and coaches on the occasion of their annual paper-chase.

McRae—"I hate these square meals."

Macpherson—"Why?"

McRae—"The corners catch on my stomach."

Rankin (going into a store on York Street)—"Is this a second hand shop?"

Clerk—"Yes, sir."

Rankin—"Well, I want one for my watch."

Cantley—"We have eighty miles of boulevard in Nova Scotia."

Phillips—"Mostly *bull*, eh?"

Mr. Findley—"What's a daschund?"

Ed. Whitaker—"An underslung dog."

Mr. Laidlaw—"Who was the chancellor who fell from office in James I's reign? We come in contact with him more or less every morning."

Voice from back of room—"Bacon, sir!"

Taylor I—"Bring in some more dog biscuits."

Pantry Boy—"There aren't any left."

Taylor—"What do they feed you on?"

McRae—"Who'se little toodle 'oodelums is 'oo?"

Soot—"I'se 'oo'se."

Cameron to Lee Davis, who is looking glum—"Thinking of the future, Lee?"

Davis—"No! It's Rick's birthday to-morrow, and I'm thinking of the present."

Dr. Macdonald (during Sunday night hymn practice)—"Any other hymns you would like to sing, boys?"

Douglas—"Yes, sir. From Iceland's greasy mountains."

Mr. Taylor (before Thanksgiving holiday)—"Well, good-bye, Grant, and I hope you enjoy yourself and come back a wiser man."

Grant I—"Same to you, sir."

Mr. Laidlaw, to Dimock—"Tell me the names of some more cities you don't know!"

Neill—"I had a very responsible position last summer, I had two thousand men under me."

Grant II—"What were you doing?"

Neill—"I was night-watchman in a graveyard."

Mr. Laidlaw—"Did you study your lesson?"

Comstock—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Laidlaw—"You must have been reading between the lines."

Mr. D.—"Do you do your homework every night, Bailey?"

Bailey—"Yes, sir! McNulty and I do ours together every night."

Mr. D.—"How about the day before yesterday?"

Bailey—"Well, McNulty was away that night, sir."

Clement—"I hear no more letters can be mailed to Washington."

Harris—"Why; how's that?"

Clement—"Well; he's dead, isn't he?"

Soot (during T. C. S. game)—"If there's any more dirty work over there, I'll come and clean up the line."

Marsh—"What does a ball do when it stops rolling?"

Mr. Blomfield—"I don't know."

Marsh—"It looks round."

Mr. Magee—"If you come down here to make a noise, well you aren't."

Hill (in Queen's Park)—“The hand on that statue is eleven inches long.”

McCarter—“Why didn't they make it twelve inches?”

Hill—“Because they didn't want to make a foot.”

Syme—“Did you see that pretty girl smile at me as we crossed the road?”

Winter—“That's nothing. The first time I saw you I laughed right out loud.”

Leishman—“Why is a panic in stocks like the finding of Moses?”

Bell—“Don't know.”

Leishman—“Because men find a little *profit* in the *rushes* on the *banks*.”

There was an old Zeppelin Count,
Who said, “In de air I vill mount,
And vly away over
De channel to Dover,
Dropping boms, weighing tousands of poundt.”

Rankin—“When do the people of New York travel in subways?”

Fleming—“When they're going to Brooklyn.”

Whitaker I—“Why isn't there any milk to-night?”

Maid—“The cow kicked the bucket.”

Mr. Findley—“Now that you're all present, boys, we'll see whose absent.”

Black—“We came back from England on the ‘Royal George.’ He is a fine boat.”

Mr. Clayton—“Don't you know that you should always speak of a ship as *she*?”

Black—“Yes, sir; but the ‘Royal George’ is a mail boat.”

Even should every man in Canada be called to the front; we shall still hope to hold the *Review* three times a year, as usual.

Two Irishmen met once and referred to the illness of a third.

“Poor Mike Hogan!” said one. “Faith! I'm afraid he's going to die!”

"And why should he die?" said the other.

"Oh! Sure, he's got so thin; you're thin and I'm thin, but, begorra, Mike's thinner than both of us put together."—*Exchange.*

Overheard in a train:

Smith—"Hullo, Jones! Fancy sus—sus—sus—seeing you here. Where are you g—g—g—going, eh?"

Jones—"I'm off to Toronto to sus—sus—sus—see Dr. Brown, to be cuc—cuc—cuc—cured of my s—s—s—stammering."

Smith—"How cuc—cuc—curious! He's the v—v—v—very doctor who cuc—cuc—cured me!"

Mr. Tudball—"Macdonald, stand up in the corner."

Macdonald II—"What for?"

Mr. Tudball—"Half an hour."

Hunter (translating German)—"*Es geht mir gute.*" "It gets my goat."

N.B.—This is why Hunter quit German.

Trow—"If we had some ham—we'd have some ham and eggs—if we had some eggs."

Grant I—"Lend me a two cent stamp."

Paterson—"Can't; I've lent mine."

King (to Bailey on Yonge Street car)—"Do we get off at Eaton's?"

Conductor to Bailey—"Taking the little one down to see Santa Claus?"

"Why, what in the world has become of your watch? The one you used to have had a handsome gold case."

"I know it did, but circumstances alter cases."—*Exchange.*

Father—"Look here, young fellow, you've got to cut down your college expenses, somehow."

Son—"Well, father, suppose we begin on the books."—*Exchange.*

Horn—"I'd like to stretch a mile, but it's too far to walk back."

Bennett, looking at "Illustrated War News," and then at Rankin—"And these men die!"

Davis—"What would you give for a voice like mine?"

Joe Taylor—"Chloroform!"

Galbraith—"Did you ever draw a wagon?"

Bailey—"What do you think I am—a horse?"

Galbraith—"No; your ears are too long for that."

"Charge of the Mad Brigade."

Half a shirt, half a shirt, half a shirt homeward,
 Came from the wash, there were six to be laundered,
 Holes in the right of them, ribbons were left of them,
 Pins stuck all over them, five or six hundred.
 Mine not to make reply, mine but to go and buy,
 Get in a new supply, each time they're laundered.

—*Exchange.*

The worst pun of the war—General Joffre will Arras the Germans until they Argonne.

Mrs. Chadwick—"This letter got here yesterday. Why wasn't it delivered before?"

Mr. Chadwick—"Well, yesterday was an all-fired big day. Seventeen letters came in in the one day, and the postmaster got all rattled."—*Exchange.*

Mr. Fleming—"Why are you always behind in your studies?"

Cassells—"Because, if I wasn't, I couldn't pursue them."

Queen of Spain—"Moi Gracia! The baby has the stomach ache."

Court Chamberlain—"Walka loo! loo! Send for the Secretary of the Interior."

Once a young fellow named T8,

Asked K8 if she'd be his M8.

"I'm sorry to St8

But I'm married," said K8,

And such was the poor fellow's F8.

Mr. Taylor (to dog)—“Come, sit with me, my canine friend.”

Geometry, Book 999.

Prove that a cat has three tails.

No cat has two tails.

One cat has one tail more than no cat.

Therefore, one cat has three tails.

Teacher—“With what part of the body does the bee buzz, Willie?”

Willie—“With it's buzzum.”

McGregor (translating)—“‘Ah, sapristi on distribue les billets!’—Oh, slush, they are distributing the pocket money.’”

When are jokes not jokes?

Answer—Nine times out of ten.

Fraser Grant—“Why did you cry in the ‘Strand’ on Saturday?”

Leckie—“It was a moving picture.”

Mr. Chapman—“They’re going to tear up all those car-tracks on Bloor Street again.”

Mr. D.—“Why?”

Mr. Chapman—“They’re in the road.”

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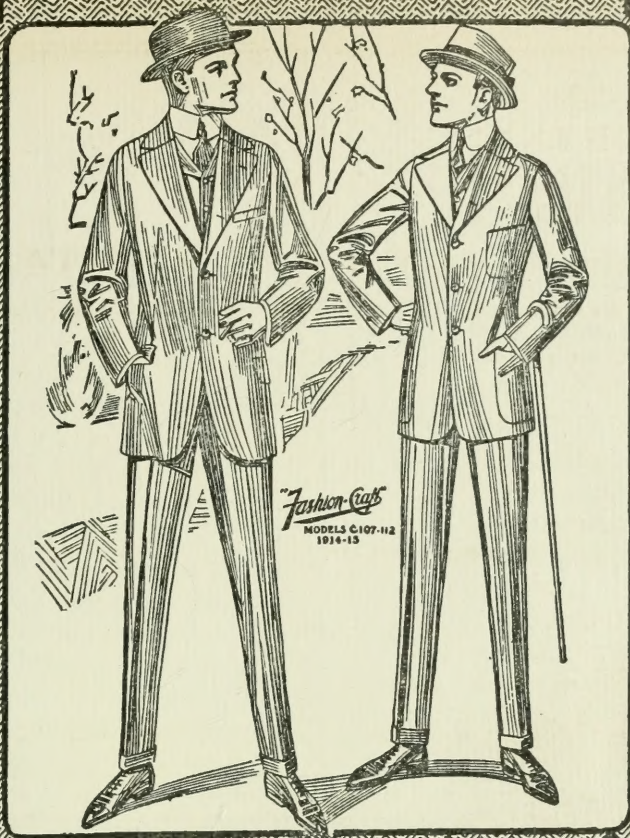
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